Week ending October 30 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Begins this week

CASTLE MINERVA

A superbly exciting adventure novel by

VICTOR CANNING

Just a sec...

They needn't catch the school bus looking like *THIS*

Sleepy-eyed and irritable, the children creep to school even more unwillingly than usual. If only they'd had a good breakfast including Kellogg's delicious Corn Flakes, there'd be no need to coax them along like this.

Skipping along, full of "go," they're actually eager *to get to school now. That's because Mother has given them a really* good *breakfast with Kellogg's crisp, golden Corn Flakes and milk and sugar.*

Send them to school like *THIS*

DOCTORS and diet experts know that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. They agree that you must have a really *good* breakfast because your body's been the whole night without food, and it needs a satisfying, energy-giving meal to break the long fast.

But children are so difficult at breakfast time. It's often a job to get them up in the morning in time to have a good meal and get to school. So there are tears and tantrums or sulks and grumbles because hot meals take too long to eat.

Get them off happily—with a good breakfast

There's such a simple and tasty solution to this problem—just try adding a heaped bowlful of Kellogg's golden-toasted, crisp Corn Flakes, with milk and sugar, to the kiddies' usual hasty snack. Children and grown-ups alike love these delicious, crunchy flakes, and a breakfast like this will send them off bright-eyed and full of fun.

What's more, there's no preparation, no cooking, and no washing-up of messy pots and pans. Kellogg's is a breakfast *everyone* can help themselves to in no time at all.

Natural energy

Experts are agreed that Kellogg's, with milk and sugar, provides energy in a really digestible form; the perfect, wafer-thin, oven-toasted flakes "go down well" with everyone, and their delicious crunchiness encourages the digestive juices to do their job efficiently.

Isn't it worth while ensuring that your kiddies start the day well, ready to work *and* play with the same exuberant energy?

Of course it is! So just see that they go to school on Kellogg's.

Start the day on *Kellogg's* —IT'S READY-TO-EAT!

Spilled Milk!

Hey! I'm a pint short again! Can't you ever get it right?
(MUTTERS) Well, one day it's 3 pints, next time it's 4-don't know where I am with a house like yours!
Are you going to take these three home to your Mum?
Mummy's going to get her milk from the other dairy now. She says they're more reliable!
Complaints about your round again all morning, and you're over an hour late! You'll have to buck your ideas up or there'll be trouble
(THINKS) If only I didn't feel so tired the whole time these days. That's the trouble!
MILK
THE MILKMAN DECIDES TO SEE THE DOCTOR
I sleep long enough, Doctor... but it's no good. Can't even get through my work properly
Wait a minute. You say you sleep well enough, but still wake up tired. That doesn't sound like real, relaxed sleep. You see, your whole body has got to relax while you sleep-muscles, nerves, brain, your whole personality. There's nothing organically wrong, so try Horlicks
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
THEN-SOME TIME LATER
Oops! Let's give you a hand, Mrs. Thompson
'E's a real gentleman is our milkman!
And 'e's reg'lar, too! Don't know why folks used to say 'e wasn't reliable
Hullo, Mr. Milkman! I do hope he gets a prize, Mummy!
(THINKS) Well done, Horlicks! No tiredness these days!
HORLICKS

EDITORIAL

A chance to live

IAN DAWSON SHEPHERD, an advertisement copywriter, has a thirteen-year-old daughter named Rosemary. She lives in a wheelchair. She is a spastic.

When, twelve years ago, he and his wife discovered that she was more than just a retarded baby, they took her to six Harley Street specialists. All shook their heads. "She's probably a mentally defective. Put her in a home, forget about her, have some more children," they told Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd in effect.

Since then, medical science has learned a lot about spastics. It has discovered that spastic children, despite their appearance, are frequently even brighter than others.

ALTHOUGH the part of their brain which controls their muscles has been injured at birth or before, making them partly helpless, they are usually otherwise normal.

But little was being done for them until Ian Shepherd and the parents of other spastic children got together to form the National Spastics Society. Three months ago, Shepherd threw up his job to give all his time to the society. It meant a cut of £350 a year for him.

MR. IAN SHEPHERD
Gave up his job to help

There were only three hundred of Britain's 10,000 spastics in special schools in 1952. There are now six more treatment centres, all opened by the society, and by the end of the year a thousand sufferers will be in full-time centres.

Southampton, Swindon and Reading are some of the towns where the society has opened centres. The local authorities help in their running, and spastics in these towns now have real care.

BUT some other towns are not so willing. "We have been turned down flat by several local authorities," says Shepherd. "We are willing to start the centres if they will help to run them, but they have said No."

As those who have read in these pages the story of Christy Brown, author of *My Left Foot*, will particularly appreciate, helpless boys and girls must be given a chance to live properly. At the moment only one spastic out of ten gets that chance.

The National Spastics Society deserves the help of everyone lucky enough to walk. Local councils should invite it to set up special schools and clinics for the handicapped children of their districts, and help the society in this work.

Ian Dawson Shepherd gave up his job to help spastics. The least others can give is their goodwill.

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Sir Kreemy Knut

Sharps

the word for Toffee

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD. "*The Toffee Specialists*" MAIDSTONE, KENT
SN4–16

A Whimsies Story

A **FAWN** frolicking out of a glade into the sparkling sunshine came upon a **HORSE** quietly cropping the green grass and switching his short bob tail. A girl stood happily looking on with a well-behaved woolly **POODLE** while on a tree branch nibbling a nut was a grey **SQUIRREL** which vanished in a streak when a boy's **SPANIEL** tore past after a blue bouncing ball

"Whimsies" are made in Fine Porcelain. The first set, illustrating the story above, is now on sale in leading Stores and China Shops. Further sets are on the way and each edition will be limited. Start collecting now!

from 5/11 PER SET

WHIMSIES

PORCELAIN MINIATURES

by WADE OF ENGLAND

Each one a collector's piece

Made on a "Record" between tea and bedtime

Better-Quicker-Knitting

save time-money-wool-work on the Record

HAND KNITTING MACHINE

THE hand knitting machine which does both stocking and garter stitch.

On this wonderful new Knitting Machine you can knit at *phenomenal speed*—an adult-size cardigan, jumper or pull-over can be completed in a few hours. Practically any stitch which can be done by hand and many others exclusive to the "Record" are easily produced. Nothing in knitwear is beyond the capabilities of this machine. The work is perfect, and tension always even. You can save money by knitting for the family, or start a very profitable Home Industry by "Record" knitting for others. Price £24. Cash complete or on "Record" terms £9 deposit, 12 monthly payments 30/-.

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4. Perfect work always.
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6. Knits all wools—2-, 3-, or 4-ply.
7. Saves wool—up to 30 per cent.

Continuous demonstrations daily at our London Showrooms, 9 Melcombe Street, N.W.1. Tel.: Hunter 9727 (20 yds. from Baker St. Station) and at 28 Stow Street, Cowcaddens Street, Glasgow. Tel.: Douglas 6900.

FREE

Send this coupon (in unsealed envelope, only 1½d. stamp) to "RECORD" HAND KNITTING MACHINES, 172 DARTMOUTH ROAD, LONDON, S.E.26, for beautifully illustrated brochure in colour, giving full information about this wonderful Home Knitting Machine, and details of the immense variety of garments and patterns, or phone FOR. 1128.

Name.....

Address.....

..... J.B. 1.

FREE SPEECH

Selling-up the family home

HERE in New York there's a great vogue for English antiques. My friends are busily collecting Chelsea china, Hepplewhite chairs—even Victorian washbasins. In some circles, a Sheraton sideboard is regarded as being as much an asset as a new deep freezer.

I was in London earlier this year and planned to take some antiques home with me. I was amazed at the difficulty of tracking them down. The inferior, the damaged and the reproduction is still plentiful, but the good pieces are fast vanishing.

A dealer friend told me of the great quantities of these things that are being shipped abroad. He himself sent eight hundred Georgian fenders to America last year—"all I could lay hands on, but the supply is running out."

As a lover of fine things, I am glad that my countrymen show such good taste. But as a friend of Britain, it makes me sad to see you being stripped of your heirlooms. Is it not time that you did as the French have done, and controlled the export of things more than a century old?

To quote my dealer friend: "Export is making me rich—but it will put my son out of business."

Surely the dollar gap has narrowed sufficiently for you to be able to stop selling-up the family home?—DAVID WHITE, New Rochelle, New York.

Apart from currency formalities, British restrictions on the export of antiques and works of art apply only to "limited categories of objects of high importance." Austria, Egypt, Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands and Spain, as well as France, operate systems of control.

Undersize

I MANAGE a sports shop where we give customers specialized advice on the technical side of sports equipment.

Last week, a very small boy came in and laid an ancient and diminutive pair of swimming trunks on the counter. He looked earnestly at me and asked: "Mister, have you got a pair of swimming goggles to fit these?"—T. EMBLETON, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Sweet Revenge

THE letter about the Honey Guide ("Free Speech," September 11) reminds me of when I first met this little bird. I was prospecting for gold in Rhodesia, twenty years ago. I followed the bird along a river bank until it flew across the stream which was too wide for me to cross at that point.

When I began to return to camp, the bird became very excited, and came after me, uttering shrill cries. This time, it led me to a place where the stream could be crossed, then back along the opposite bank to a dead tree, where I found the bees' nest.

The natives have a superstition that if you do not leave the bird some honey, the next time it will lead you to a snake in revenge.—E. T. BROWN, Umtali, S. Rhodesia.

Dog In The Manger

MY neighbour has a hen which is mothering two sheepdog puppies. She will not allow their mother to approach, and the puppies have to be

removed at feeding times.—D. J. VAN CAILLE, Vowchurch, Hereford.

The Association for the Study of Animal Behaviour says that a broody hen will often adopt unexpected objects to satisfy her need for eggs to sit on. A further point is that it is not unknown for young animals to form a particular attachment for something they see when they first open their eyes.

Patent Applied For

FRENCH railways are not only more efficient than ours ("Free Speech," October 2) but French passengers are more ingenious than we are in making themselves comfortable on long journeys.

When I travelled on the night *rapide* from Perpignan to Paris last week, the train was so crowded that even in the first-class carriages it was impossible to relax for a nap.

A man in my compartment solved the problem. From his case he took a piece of board to the ends of which were attached two pieces of rope. He tied the ropes to the luggage rack, leaving the board suspended, chest high, like a swing.

He covered the board with an air cushion and, slumped across it, managed to sleep right through the journey. I know—I was awake all the time.—D. P. W., South Norwood, London, S.E.25.

New Wine

IN the Weald of Kent, many of the traditional food and drink recipes are still followed.

One old countrywoman often invites me into her cottage to sample her mead; she is also famous in the village for her elderberry and damson wine, which she makes herself from

Continued on page 6

BEGINNING IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

SHOOT FIRST!

Further details on page 30

How could I scold a child so ill?

WHEN THE LOVELY WHITE NIGHTIE came from Aunt Barbara for my little girl, she was far too ill to care how pretty it was.

But now the roses were coming back to her cheeks. So, in readiness for her Aunt's visit next day, I let my pet try it on.

And then—oh dear!—all down the front she upset her hot blackcurrant drink.

How could I scold her—a child who'd been so ill? *I couldn't!* I said nothing—except to my friend next door.

"And there's nothing that I know of," I added, "that will wash out such a heavy stain." She raised her eyebrows, "But surely you read the papers?" she asked. . .

PERHAPS THE BLAME WAS MINE

Maybe it was my fault, but with all the worry of a sick child on my hands I hadn't noticed about Surf boiling spotless. Anyway, I went to work with a packet my neighbour lent me.

I took the nightdress, gave it a good soaking in Surf and cold water—left it to soak for about an hour. Then I put it into fresh Surf suds which I brought to the boil—and kept boiling for ten minutes. It came out spotless! Not just white—spotless!

Next day she made the sweetest picture. Of course, her Aunt was pleased to see her wearing the nightie. So I just couldn't resist telling her about the accident—and about Surf. "Of course Surf is wonderful," she smiled. "I should know. I use Surf for washing *everything!*"

FAMILY SIZE 1/11d
HANDY SIZE 1/-

You don't need to juggle with different powders on washday. Surf washes work-soiled dungarees, greasy overalls, coloureds, woollens—*everything*—spotless! And your white things will be more than just white—*spotless!*

Surf boils spotless!

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

SUR 79-80

LOW price

Here is a fire that gives maximum radiation at hearth level, and yet is so economical to run. Why?—because it's burning in the Newbold, the greatest of grates. Of pleasing and distinctive design, the Newbold with its sensible lines and shimmering highlights improves the appearance of any room.

Available in a variety of vitreous enamel finishes from your local gas showrooms or Merchants.
Price £3.13.0 (*gas ignition* 5/8 *extra*).

NEWBOLD by FLAVELS of LEAMINGTON

Makers of fine cooking and heating appliances since 1777

1 in 5 of all Hot Water Bottles sold in Great Britain is a

SUBA-SEAL

Thanks to You-the Public-increased production lowers the selling prices. You can buy today 'Suba-Seal' -the world's best Hot Water Bottles from

6'11

FROM CHEMISTS & STORES
WILLIAM FREEMAN & CO., LTD., BARNSLEY, YORKS.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

local fruit. The last time that I drank a glass of damson wine with her, I complimented her on the fine vine which, bearing small clusters of grapes, grew outside round her kitchen windows.

"I've been wondering about that," she said. "Do you think it would be possible to make grape wine?"—Mrs. J. Hawks, Maidstone, Kent.

Bargain Offer

PROWLING round a junk shop, piled high with second-hand cast-offs—mostly rubbish—I saw a kitten in the corner, drinking milk from a saucer.

I recognized the saucer; it was a rare porcelain one. Not wishing to

draw the proprietor's attention to it, I offered to buy the kitten.

He agreed readily. Then, making it appear an afterthought, I picked up the saucer, saying: "I may as well have this, as the cat's used to it."

The shopkeeper stopped me. "I'm afraid not," he said. "That's quite a valuable piece of china—and I still have one more kitten to dispose of."—Henry Jones, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham.

Cinema Scope

WRITING to me from Johannesburg, my son-in-law describes a visit to a "drive-in" cinema there.

Cars are driven in and parked facing a large cinema screen. Beside each car is a post with a loudspeaker to hang on the car window.

A switch on the loudspeaker lights a lamp on the post, to summon an attendant who will serve anything from a light snack to a full meal.

The cinema is in the open air, and holds about two thousand cars. Everyone gets a perfect view of the screen.

Many people take their children dressed in pyjamas and dressing-gowns—ready for bed after the show. The admission fee is 3s. 3d. for an adult, and there is no charge for children. — P. G. Hankin, Bradford Road, Seven Kings, Essex.

Courting Time

IN the remoter parts of Burma, I found that time is never described by the hour of the clock, for few villagers own watches.

Instead, they have their own names for the parts of the day, and these are in general use throughout the country.

Seven thirty a.m. is called "The hour when monks enter the village to get their rice." Nine o'clock is "the time when bullocks are unyoked from the plough." Six o'clock is known as "children's bed time" and by eight, the men of the village have drunk several toddies, hence "the hour when brothers can't recognize each other."

They go to bed early in the villages, and 9 p.m. is "the hour when bachelors return from courting."—J. White, Calcutta, India.

Strap Doors

SIXTY-FIVE years ago, when I was a girl, I rode in buses with remote-control doors ("Free Speech," October 9). They were the horse-drawn Jubilee buses of Leeds.

The driver opened the door by pulling a leather strap which travelled along the roof. Behind his seat there was a brass-bound box into which the passengers were expected to put their fares.

In bad weather, the floor of the bus was covered with straw; the inside was lighted by a solitary oil lamp.—Margaret Fildes, Banstead Terrace, Leeds, 8.

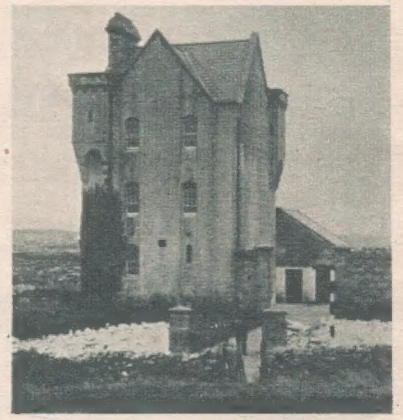
Changeling

THE customary Irish police barracks are small and whitewashed. But at Carna, in Connemara, the barracks building is a surprisingly tall, square and yellow structure.

Years ago, the plans for two barracks—one for Carna and the other for a hill station in India—were sent out from the office of the Board of Works in London. By mistake, the envelopes were mixed up.

The Irish builder carried out the Indian specifications—hence the freak building. — Tom Gallagher, Whitwell, Worksop, Notts.

The Carna barracks, shown in the photograph, were put up in 1849. It is believed that the Irish plans were used for a building on the North-West Frontier.



In A Pint Pot?

MY wife was paying the weekly milk bill. "You've had twelve pints at sevenpence," said the milkman. "That's seven shillings. Then two gills extra, another sevenpence, makes seven and sevenpence."

"Surely," I interrupted, "two gills should be threepence halfpenny —'four gills one pint,' you know."

"That's only in the schoolbooks," he replied, "when you're buying

Continued on page 8

THIS WEEK'S COVER

HUNDREDS of people work in pets' clinics all over the country. Run by a host of animal welfare societies, for which Britain is famous, they all started with the founding of the R.S.P.C.A. in 1824. Since then, the idea of the animal welfare state has been carried to all parts of the world by British travellers. There are People's Dispensary for Sick Animals clinics in France, Tangier, Egypt and Japan, for example. Artist Fred Laurent shows the Canine Defence clinic at Brighton. As well as being sympathetic and an animal first-aider, the girl receptionist will soon need to know how to stop a battle royal between the cat and the dog.

no compromise by day or by night with

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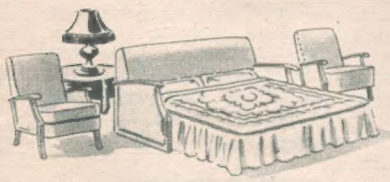
PATENT APPLIED FOR

. . . but a wonderful solution to your space problem with a full 5 in. deep spring interior mattress that will give you the best night's sleep you've ever had, and perfect seating by day with loose cushions and low, pitched back seat. Here, at last, is a settee-bed that gives day and night comfort which surpasses all but the most expensive separate bedroom and lounge furniture.

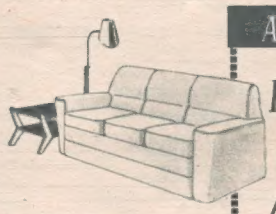
PUT-U-UP kingbeds from £31.13.6 with spring-filled cushions. From £36.19.0 with latex foam cushions. Spring interior mattress 10 gns. extra.

from your furnishers



SUITE 304
Kingbed with 3 loose spring-filled cushions from £31.13.6 according to covering. Easy chairs from £10.15.6. Spring interior mattress 10 gns. extra.

SUITE 300
Kingbed with 3 loose latex foam cushions from £49.18.0 according to covering. Easy chairs from £24.4.9. Spring interior mattress 10 gns. extra.



SUITE 302
Kingbed with 3 loose latex foam cushions from £38.16.6 according to covering. Easy chairs from £16.15.6. Spring interior mattress 10 gns. extra.

AN INTERESTING BOOKLET FOR YOU

FREE — Greaves & Thomas Ltd., Dept. JBK, Clapton, E.5. Please send illustrated booklet giving all details and full range of PUT-U-UP Kingbed Suites.

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Add the name of your own preferred Furnisher if you would like his further help — of course without obligation.

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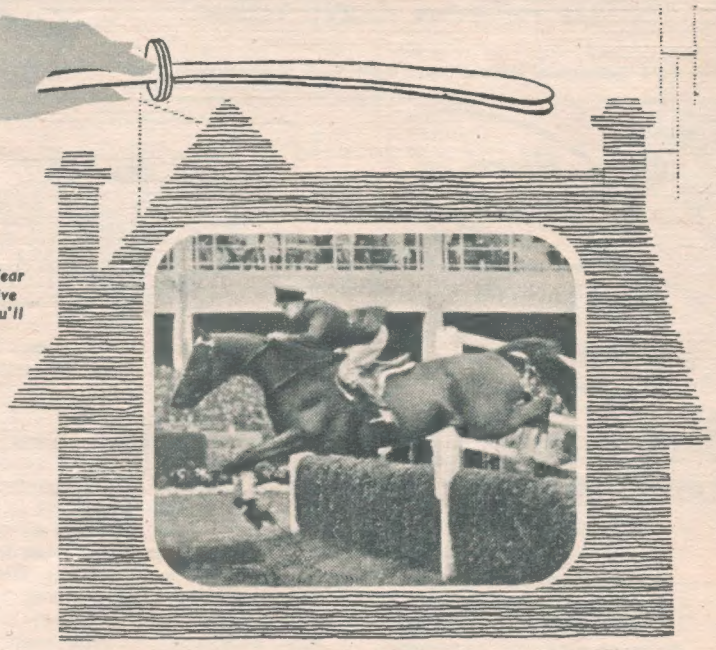
the picture with all the detail!

Once you've seen television on a Philips set you'll never want anything else. Such a magnificently real picture—sharp and clear down to the smallest detail. And remember, when the alternative programmes start, with the Philips Multi-Programme Tuner you'll have instant programme selection.



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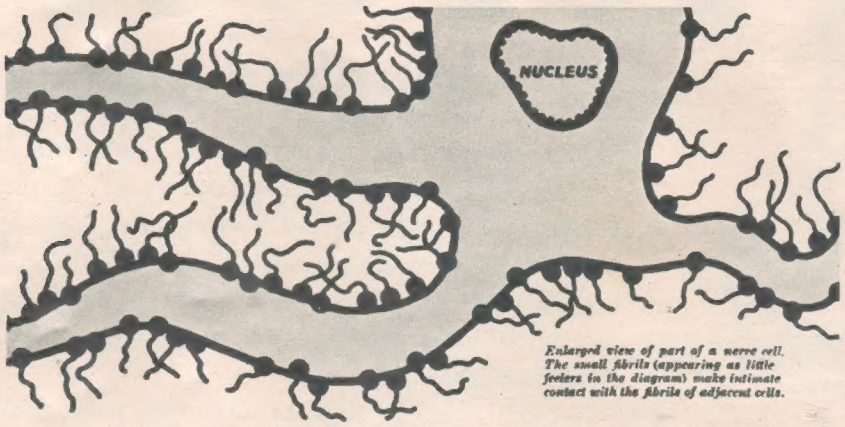
PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2 PR664B

Sleeplessness and your nerves



Enlarged view of part of a nerve cell. The small fibrils (appearing as little feelers in the diagram) make intimate contact with the fibrils of adjacent cells.

It is now recognised that a great deal of sleeplessness is caused by nervous tension, which is a deep-rooted form of "nerves". Once you grasp this simple fact sleeplessness is no longer a thing to fear. If you ease the nervous tension, if you correct the balance of your nerves, then sound, deep sleep should normally follow as a matter of course.

How Sanatogen works

The soundness of your nervous system depends on the efficient working of your nerve cells. When these cells do not receive enough protein and phosphorus they "starve", and the normal growth of nerve tissue is retarded. To promote the healthy development of such cells Sanatogen supplies large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus. By this powerful tonic action Sanatogen helps to correct "nerves", to develop nervous stability, and to give you a calm and tranquil nervous system.

Medically recommended

Sanatogen is fully recommended by the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen makes an extraordinary difference to one's health. You must try Sanatogen yourself.

For all forms of "nerves"

"Nerves" may take many forms —sleeplessness, depression, excessive worrying, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous strength Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

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Sanatogen

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PLASTIC FIRE CEMENT

in the 'Blue and White Tin'

1lb. **1/3** 2lb. **2/3** 4lb. **4/-**

Stocked by Ironmongers

for fixing continuous burning fires and repairing fireplaces

PURIMACHOS LIMITED

ST. PHILIPS BRISTOL 2

TWO OF OUR STAFF CHEMISTS made it for their own use. Naturally, with their knowledge and our resources they were able to create the finest preparation ever made, or ever likely to be made. BUT—and this is the point —instead of keeping it to themselves they let their friends try it as well. Before long, Chemists all over the country were being asked for it. If you, too, want the easiest, smoothest, most comfortable shave ever, go along to your chemist for a tube of

PARKE-DAVIS SHAVING CREAM

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

milk or beer there's two!"—GEORGE VINE, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire.

The Weights and Measures Act of 1878 defines the gill as a quarter of a pint. But by local custom, mainly in the north of England, the term gill is sometimes used—incorrectly —to describe a half pint.

Rule Of The Road

IN these days of motor transport, a quarter of a mile, more or less, on a journey makes small difference. But

at one time, apparently, more accurate measurements were required—as this milestone, which I photographed in Savernake Forest, shows.—C. R., Salisbury, Wiltshire.

The milestone was put up in the second half of the eighteenth century by Thomas Brudenell, 1st Earl of Ailesbury, who owned the forest. He was renowned for his scrupulous attention to details, and when touring his estate by chaise, he always timed his speed from point to point by his stop-watch. The stone was restored this year by the present Lord Cardigan.

Cut Price

WHY can a woman buy a tailored suit in pure wool for about twelve guineas, while a man's suit of similar quality costs up to twenty guineas? —MRS. D. SURRIDGE, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Figures published by the Royal Statistical Society show that on an average it takes three and a third yards of fifty-four inch material to make a man's suit, and only two and a half yards to make one for a woman. In addition, most men's suits are made from woollen worsted, a material that costs more to manufacture.

Distinction Unknown

ABOUT twenty years ago, I was in charge of a local library. I had made up my mind to write a short story, and while people were choosing their books, I was usually busy scribbling down notes and ideas.

One day, a woman came to the counter to have her book stamped; glancing down at my notes, she asked me what I was writing.

I explained; she showed great interest and offered to give me some ideas. She left her card on the counter, and told me that I could call to see her at any time.

The name on the card was "Miss Agatha Christie." Thanks to her help I had my first story published in a magazine.— MRS. SOUTHGATE, Kemp Town, Brighton, Sussex.

Russian Brew

MRS. CHESTERFIELD'S letter about substitute tea ("Free Speech," October 9) reminded me of an experience of mine in 1940, when I was an inmate of a forced labour camp in northern Russia.

It was midwinter, and my team was working to fell trees in the forest. At midday we had an hour's rest which we spent round the camp fire boiling a bucket of water—our only drink.

One day, an elderly member of our team brought a shrub back from the forest and put it in the boiling water. To us it seemed that it gave the drink a delicious flavour. I have often wondered what that shrub was that made such a difference to our "lunch."—A. KAY, Victoria Road, Stretford, Lancashire.

A botanist says that the shrub was probably ledum—a small, heather-like plant with aromatic leaves. It grows in northern regions, and one species of it is used by North American trappers to brew "Labrador tea." It makes a nourishing drink with a flavour of bitter china tea.

Pitching In

WHILE in Shanghai, I attended what must be the world's strangest sporting contest.

A series of fights between crickets was held in regular championship bouts staged in a small arena.

Excited Chinese clustered round, wagering large sums on their favourites. The crickets kicked and bit at each other, with no holds barred. There were three classes: lightweight, middleweight and heavyweight; the contestants were weighed-in on tiny scales before each bout. — W. T., Dundee.

The London Zoo explains that male crickets are extremely aggressive and have to be kept apart in captivity. Contests of this kind are quite usual in China. In Italy, on the other hand, crickets are sold in small ornamental cages, and prized for the beauty of their "singing."

Turkish Delight

WHEN I was a small boy, my nurse used to take me for a walk round the back of the British Embassy in Constantinople.

From the Embassy kitchens came a delicious smell of food—always the same, a rich, nutty sort of smell quite unknown to my Greek nostrils.

From time to time in the years that followed the memory of that smell would come back to haunt me, and I could never identify it.

Now the mystery has been solved. I went into our kitchen the other day and there it was—the rich, nutty smell of the past. My wife was boiling porridge.—P. S. PLYTAS, Lansbury Avenue, Feltham, Middlesex.

Finders And Keepers

WE were on holiday some miles outside Dublin, when we saw crowds of school-children picking flowers from the beds of a public park. The keepers were looking on unconcerned, and one was even helping the children.

It puzzled us until we learned that when the plants are about to be changed in this park, the children are allowed to help themselves to the blooms. — T. WILLIAMS, Norwood Road, Manchester.

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Harry Hopkins explores

SMUGGLERS' COUNTRY

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

"Stripe me pink!

Mint Spangles"

Fresh! Refreshing! Unusually delicious!
Mint Spangles—another sweet treat by Mars.

Only 3d a packet

Life's always sweeter with Spangles!

Should wives work?

"Something has to suffer if a wife has a career of her own" said Charles laying down the law "and it's usually the home".
"And always the husband" put in John slyly.
"Beast" grinned Ann, "you're always saying a wife should have an outside interest".
"That was before I got married and took up housework" retorted John.
"That makes you" chuckled Joan "*just* the man to hand round these cups of Cadbury's drinking chocolate".
"Mm, delicious job" said John.
"Mm, marvellous drink" said Ann.
"Mm, perfect end to the debate" said Charles.

Now mixes 4 times quicker!

Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate mixes even quicker, smoother and easier now. Yet it is still as delicious and chocolatey as ever. To make, just add 3 teaspoonfuls to each cup of hot milk ; give one quick stir ; and it's ready.

1/7 a half-pound tin

CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE

RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

HOUSEWIFE (37) | **GARDENER (70)**

Recent photograph of Mrs. Wilson

Recent photograph of Mr. Hill

BOTH FOUND

Rheumatic Misery relieved by Fynnon

These stories—two of many—tell of the relief from rheumatic pain which sufferers are receiving from Fynnon Salt.

Mrs. Jenny Wilson, 37, farm worker's wife of Charing, Kent, writes: 'For the past year I have suffered attacks of fibrositis, gradually these attacks got more painful . . . unable to bear the pain . . . I started using Fynnon Salt. The results were amazing . . . Now I have started my spring cleaning and it is a real pleasure doing it . . . I shall always have Fynnon Salt in my medicine chest . . .'

Mr. A. J. Hill, 70-year-old gardener of Windsor, Berks., also gives Fynnon Salt credit for relieving his rheumatism. He writes: '. . . two years ago I could hardly move . . . I had to get my wife to push me out of bed . . . I could not get on my cycle. Then a friend recommended Fynnon Salt, and many thanks to them I have been back doing gardening, including scythe work.'

(The originals of these two letters can be seen at our offices).

Recent findings show that, although the more persistent kind of rheumatism develops later in life, the danger years for fibrositis, neuritis and lumbago are between 25 and 45 and that the improper elimination of waste matter from the body frequently contributes to rheumatic conditions.

How Fynnon can help

Fynnon makes a two-way attack on impurities.
1. It is an effective but gentle aperient, using body fluid filtered through intestinal tissues to rid the system of waste matter.
2. It is a diuretic, flushing the kidneys and reducing impurities in the blood—approved treatment for many rheumatic conditions.

Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon every morning as soon as the first twinges are felt. You too will find marked relief. *But if you are seriously worried about your condition, don't delay to consult your doctor.*

FYNNON SALT

LARGE TIN 2/4!

For the relief of all types of muscular Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and Fibrositis.

THE FYNNON CO., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

He's the eyes of the fleet!

THE operations room. On the radar screen a fleck of light appears. "Bearing zero nine five, distance one five, sir," he reports to the bridge and the ship swings round. His mate plots the "enemy's" course. A team, highly skilled, experienced, is at work; and each man's job is a vital one.

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FREE BOOK: *The Royal Navy as a Career* tells you about the life, jobs and pay. Post this coupon today to D.N.R. (Dept. FJ/27), Admiralty, London, S.W.1. (Applications from U.K. only.)

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A thrilling new novel of action and romance . . . by VICTOR CANNING

Castle Minerva

She sat there, leaning on the edge of the pool. When I moved, she moved. I knew she was watching me

THERE WAS a light, cold rain falling as I came down the road out of the pass. It would freeze during the night and I knew that any climbing the next day would have to be handled carefully. Across the wide valley the gentle slope of Moel Siabod rose out of the misty rain like a stranded whale. Moel Siabod, Snowdon, Tryfan, the Carnedds . . . the lovely Welsh names and the lovely Welsh hills; just to get up here for a a long weekend gave me a lift and a freshening of the spirit.

It was a far cry from morning chapels, the smell of chalk and changing-rooms, and the trapped look of boys floundering in a morass of French irregular verbs. I liked my job, but by mid-term I was always ready for a break. The strain of setting my body against the steep rock faces brought that liberation of the spirit which every man needs now and again if he is going to keep on top of his job.

I kept going through the rain, happy, and with that growing tiredness of the body which is a form of contentment. At that moment I wasn't asking for anything. I was over thirty, reasonably ambitious, and interested in my work. I imagined I could see the shape of the future, and I liked what I pictured. One day I'd be a housemaster, I'd be married, have children, and then I'd have to make my vacations more orthodox—bathing and sailing, not trying to feed still the old war-bred appetite for strange places and people. A good future.

Below me the lights of the inn showed up through the rain. I began to anticipate the comforts of getting out of wet clothes, of soaking in a hot bath, of the large whisky before dinner and the leisurely pipe afterwards in front of the bar-room fire.

But for me that evening there was more than

comfort in store. I got in, bathed and changed, and went down to the bar and there, unexpected, sitting in a corner, was the one man in all the world whose company I would have asked for if the gods had given me the choice.

Colonel Francis Drexel, D.S.O., M.C. He got up and came across to me, his movements dancing, brisk, terrier-like; the iron-grey hair crisp, short cut; the lean, weather-tanned and worn face smiling; a small, dapper man, full of life and still, for all his near sixty years, as hard as nails.

He grabbed my arm and said, "David. . . . Well, if this isn't luck!" Apart from us, there was only the barman in the place and Drexel's voice echoed about the room joyfully. It was the old voice, the old tone and with it—the grasp of his powerful fingers on my arm—all the old magic.

"When did you get in?" I asked.

"Couple of hours ago."

"I didn't know you used this place."

He laughed, called to the barman for a couple of whiskies, and went on, "David, I was climbing up here before you were born. And I'll still be here when you're dead."

He stood back and looked at me and then, with a snort, said, "Still can't get used to you in those damned civilian clothes. You looked better in uniform. You still buried in that damn school?"

"Still there," I said, smiling. "Happily interred." And as I spoke I was thinking of the times in the past when this man had scared hell into me, of the times he had forced me to the edge of breaking.

He had taken me as a young officer—Captain David Bladen Fraser of the Gordon Highlanders—with the mist of Edinburgh still in my hair, and had put me through the rolling mill of the Mediterranean and the Near East. He had helped to turn me into a man, and I knew that after the war he had hated to see me go back to pimply schoolboys with minds like colanders.

He tossed his whisky back and ordered two more. "Tomorrow," he said, "we'll climb together. How's the old knee-cap?"

"It's all right so long as I watch it." As I answered, both of us were thinking the same thing, I guessed, both of us years back in the past.

He said, "We'll do the Milestone Buttress and then some of Idwal Slabs. I've been in Berlin for three weeks and I want to get the smell of frustration out of my nostrils."

I DIDN'T ask him what he had been doing in Berlin—I had more sense—but there was an ugly bruise and a few cuts on the side of his face in a pattern that only a knuckleduster can raise. I knew because I had used one in his service before now. But no questions: Colonel Francis Drexel, a hero to the public, a wartime legend, and still in harness. I wondered if the Foreign Office or M.I.5 ever pensioned off their people.

I said, "You'll have to go easy with me. I have to pick my climbs these days."

"Nonsense. For a six-footer you're carrying too much weight. I'll take it off you. The kind of life you lead makes people fat and complacent. How the hell do you stick it?"

"Because I like it. Don't let's begin that all over again." This was an old argument between us. We lived now in different worlds. I had touched his during the war, but now I was back where I belonged, with the kind of job millions of men have to do, nine till five, boring sometimes, but with a purpose behind it and pleasure in it. Only during my vacations could I slip into something like his kind of life. With me a little excitement went a long way. With Drexel it was food and drink. The world had a place for both of us.

"Wasted," he said. "A good man wasted. However. . . ." He finished his whisky and then, in that abrupt way of his, said, "Married yet?"

I laughed. "Not yet. No takers."

"Not surprised. Don't find your kind in vicarage gardens or at school bun fights. I've tried marriage twice and it doesn't work. Not for me. Suppose I'm not at home enough."

For a moment I thought I caught the hint of regret in his voice.

He tapped his glass for the barman to fill it again and I think it was then that I noticed the change in him. At first I thought it was something to do with the way he was drinking. Then I knew it wasn't. He had always drunk hard. It was an all-over something. There was a strain on him. He looked much the same, the hardness, the trim compactness, the tight, rebellious mouth of a schoolboy, the dark eyes full of vision and fire . . . but something was gone. His laugh was no longer as easy as it had been.

And then I saw it. He was showing his age. Just that. He was being worn down and, because I had so much affection and respect for this man, I was suddenly resentful of the anonymous service which was doing this to him. He had been in harness too long. No man should have to go on being a hero, a colourful public figure, after fifty-eight. It was time he slowed up and took things easy.

BUT change or no change, the next day on the towering Idwal Slabs he scared the life out of me. Ever since my cracked knee-cap I've had to go carefully, but Drexel climbed as he did everything else, with one hand on Death's shoulder for support.

When we stopped to eat our sandwiches at noon, Drexel passed over his flask and I was glad of the nip of brandy. We were sitting on a wide ledge, our feet dangling over space. Reaching out around us was the great bowl of the purple and green hills, and far below the thin line of the road running past the tip of Lake Ogwen, its surface foam-lined with breakers from the boisterous wind.

Drexel said, "You still go well." He waved his hand at the view. "Wonderful, isn't it? Free of all the muck and stink. A man can breathe." He tossed a sandwich crust out into space and watched the wind take it. Then, after a little silence, he said quietly, "You really like being a schoolmaster, David?"

"Of course I do. The war's over. My kind have to go back to work."

"You seem to get about in your vacations if what I hear is right."

"That's what holidays are for."

"What are you doing this Easter vac?"

I felt in my windbreaker for my cigarettes. "Flying to East Africa. Tanganyika."

"Going to wipe up the Mau Mau?" he grinned.

"No. Going to look for some of the lost property of the Queen of Sheba."

Even as I spoke I could feel the excitement rise in me. Drexel had it out of me in no time. Three of us were going and the school was prepared to give me a few weeks extra exeat. A thousand years before Christ, all the islands off the coast of East Africa had formed part of Sheba's great Empire of Tharish. We were to explore the island of Songa Manara, an island so far untouched, its thick jungle hiding the ruins of great palaces and traces of a long dead civilization. It was something I had always wanted to do.

Drexel said, "You talk as though it were pretty important."

"It is." The whole Songa Manara thing might cause quite a little stir . . . the film we should make, the possible discoveries, and the book to be written.

Drexel didn't ask any more questions. He stood up, flipped his cigarette into space and said, "O.K. You lead. Knee all right?"

"Fine."

We roped up and started again. Behind me

I flung myself forward and grabbed the girl,

Drexel was very silent, which was not like him. Once on a stretch of loose shale my knee gave me a twinge and the pain took me back. . . .

FOR a moment I saw myself lying in the desert sand, the flies thick about the wound in my knee, the sun like a brazen gong and my head spinning with fever and the knowledge that when the sun went down so would I. . . . And then Drexel coming back, out of nowhere, unexpected, risking himself for me, and never a moment of doubt in him, bullying me into courage and strength, half-carrying, half-dragging me for a couple of days. From that time every second I lived I owed to him. That's the kind of debt a man seldom gets the chance to repay.

When we stopped for a breather, he came up alongside of me. He stood there with the wind shrieking over the ragged edge of the rocks behind us and the sun making the ice shine on the spurs below. He stared down into the

dragging her back into the recess under the scaffolding. The bucket smashed into the ground two yards away, and I felt the wet flick of the plaster

valley. Then suddenly he turned to me. His eyes were troubled and the lean, ageing face was very still. He said: "David. Meeting you up here was no accident. I came up after you."

"You did!" I was surprised and my voice showed it.

"Yes. I had to talk to you. David . . . I need your help. I need someone I know. Someone I can trust absolutely."

I said, "You know that if there's anything I can do for you you've only got to ask."

"That's why I hate doing it."

"Rot! Get it off your chest. What is it?"

He was a long time answering and I could sense the struggle in him.

"I don't want you to go to Songa Manara," he said at last.

It was so unexpected that for a second a voice inside me cried out against it. But only for a second.

"Why not?"

"Because I want you to do a job for me during the Easter vacation. Not such a colourful job, though it may have its excitements. But it's a job that means a hell of a lot to me."

In that moment as I faced him I knew that if I put off my Songa Manara trip now the chance would probably never come again. I stood there, and if I hesitated it was not because there was any doubt in my mind, but because one wants a few seconds to kiss a dream goodbye.

I said, "I'll do it."

"Thank you, David. I knew I could rely on you." He started to move. "Let's carry on."

On the way back, after we had unroped, I walked beside him. "Why have you picked me?" I asked after a silence.

"There aren't so many people in the world you can trust absolutely, David. This is your job."

"What is it?"

"Private tutor, companion. In a villa I've taken near Banyuls-sur-Mer on the French coast close to the Spanish border. A month on the Mediterranean this April."

"Tutor to whom?"

"You'll know when you meet him. You speak his language. That's another reason for it being you. I'll tell you more later. Everything is confidential at this moment."

"A large Foreign Office seal on it?"

"In a way. The F.O. will come in at a point, and then I shall be their agent. As far as you're concerned, I employ you privately. Five hundred pounds for a month's work."

"I don't want any money."

He shook his head. "I know what you're giving up. Don't tell me you couldn't use five hundred."

I didn't argue with him.

* * *

The place the colonel had taken was called the Villa Maruba. It was a largish, square building with the stucco flaking off it. The green

window shutters were blistered and weathered pale by the salt wind and all the rooms smelled fusty.

But I could see why he had picked the house.

It stood just off the road between Port-Vendres and Banyuls-sur-Mer. A tall wall ran along the road face and down to the sea on either side of the garden. Along the top of the wall was a *cheval-de-frise*. The only way to look into the grounds was by climbing the vine-covered slopes on the far side of the road. At the sea-edge by the boathouse was a clump of pines.

Since our meeting in Wales, I had seen the colonel twice in London at his Grosvenor Square flat. He had still told me next to nothing about the mission, except that I was to be companion to someone and was to keep my mouth shut about it.

For the first week I stuck fairly close to the place, bathing, reading and letting the sun work into me. Brindle looked after me. Brindle had been Drexel's batman and then servant for years. He was a square, solid-looking man with a close, silent nature and a dog-like devotion to Drexel.

The first time I had any real conversation with Brindle was about a week after I'd arrived at the villa. I was down by the boathouse watching the sea. A large, wolf-hound kind of dog was with me, lying in the lee of the low wall below the pines. This one, a bitch, was free all day. Two others were let out at night.

Brindle came down the path to me, carrying a tea tray. As he poured the tea for me, I said:

"Is the mail in yet?"

"No, sir."

"Nothing from the colonel?"

"No, sir."

I chipped away at his hard mahogany. "Do you know where the colonel is?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what all this is about, Brindle?"

Brindle took a deep, slow breath. "The colonel's affairs is the colonel's affairs, sir." If there was any emotion in his voice it was of reproach.

I ignored the reproach. "Do you know when he's due to arrive here?"

Brindle handed me my cup and then holding the sugar basin said: "One or two lumps, sir?"

"One. And don't be so poker-faced, Brindle. You—know a damned sight more about this whole affair than I do, don't you?"

He put sugar in my tea and straightened up carefully. "At the moment, yes, sir."

He went off and I sat there and finished my tea. It was hot, wonderfully hot for the beginning of April. Later on, I walked into Banyuls along the road, carrying my light jacket over my arm. This strip of coast reminded me of Cornwall, sparse and bare. The afternoon had a bright, hard, metallic ring. I liked the neat rows of vines with rags of young green leaf showing, the stone walls and the twisted blades of the tall cactus clumps. Some *Ponts et Chaussées* men were working on the road just before Banyuls, hard, dark-skinned fellows, and one of them was singing in sudden lusty snatches as though his blood were too hot for his body and his spirit hard to hold down.

I left the road just before it began to curl down into the new part of the town, and came down through the old part of Banyuls. There was a warm smell of garlic, fennel and charcoal, enormous geranium growths and foaming cascades of petunia and bougainvillea washing down over the high garden walls on which hung cages of pigeons, bantams and rabbits.

I held Colonel Drexel's note up to the candle flame. Now I knew what he wanted me to do

THERE was a smell of fish and wine, of poverty laid out under a sun which took the mildew and despair out of it. The women sitting at the open doors were mostly old and the men with their backs against the walls mostly asleep. They looked as though they had been sitting and sleeping for a hundred years.

Along the curve of the coast was the new town, pure Mediterranean Margate, cheap cafés and bars, two or three hotels, a *rond-point* for dancing, a couple of garages and over it all, at this time of the year, an air of waiting for the season to begin. At the far end of the bay there was a pinkish-looking hotel and the tall block of the Arago Aquarium.

Tan-coloured lengths of sardine nets were spread out in the sun. The men and women mending them looked up at me curiously as I passed. A young man with a suitcase came up to me and tried to sell me a pair of *espadrilles*. I knew he would be waiting for me when I came back; and also that if I came here often enough he would end up by selling me a pair.

I walked right along the length of the sands, making for the aquarium. As I went up the steps a party of students came out; young men, in brief shorts, with long legs and heavy boots, festooned with nets and specimen tins, and girls in thick skirts, stout, workmanlike jumpers and gay head-scarves. I stood aside to let them pass.

There were so many of them that I was pressed back against a dusty run of boarding above which rose scaffolding where workmen in paper caps were plastering the face of the building. Their high spirits and laughter went sailing up into the air and I grinned. I watched the loaded bus grind around the corner and away towards Cerbère.

I paid my twenty francs and went in. Aquariums have always fascinated me. I wandered round in a state of suspended, innocent tranquillity.

After about half an hour I became aware of the other people in the place. There were five of them: an elderly couple, then two men who must have been officials since they were standing by the door at the far end of the aquarium, and, lastly, a woman. There was a large, open pool in the centre of the place and she was sitting on the low concrete wall that surrounded it. There were under-water lights in the pool and as she was immediately above one I could only see her in silhouette.

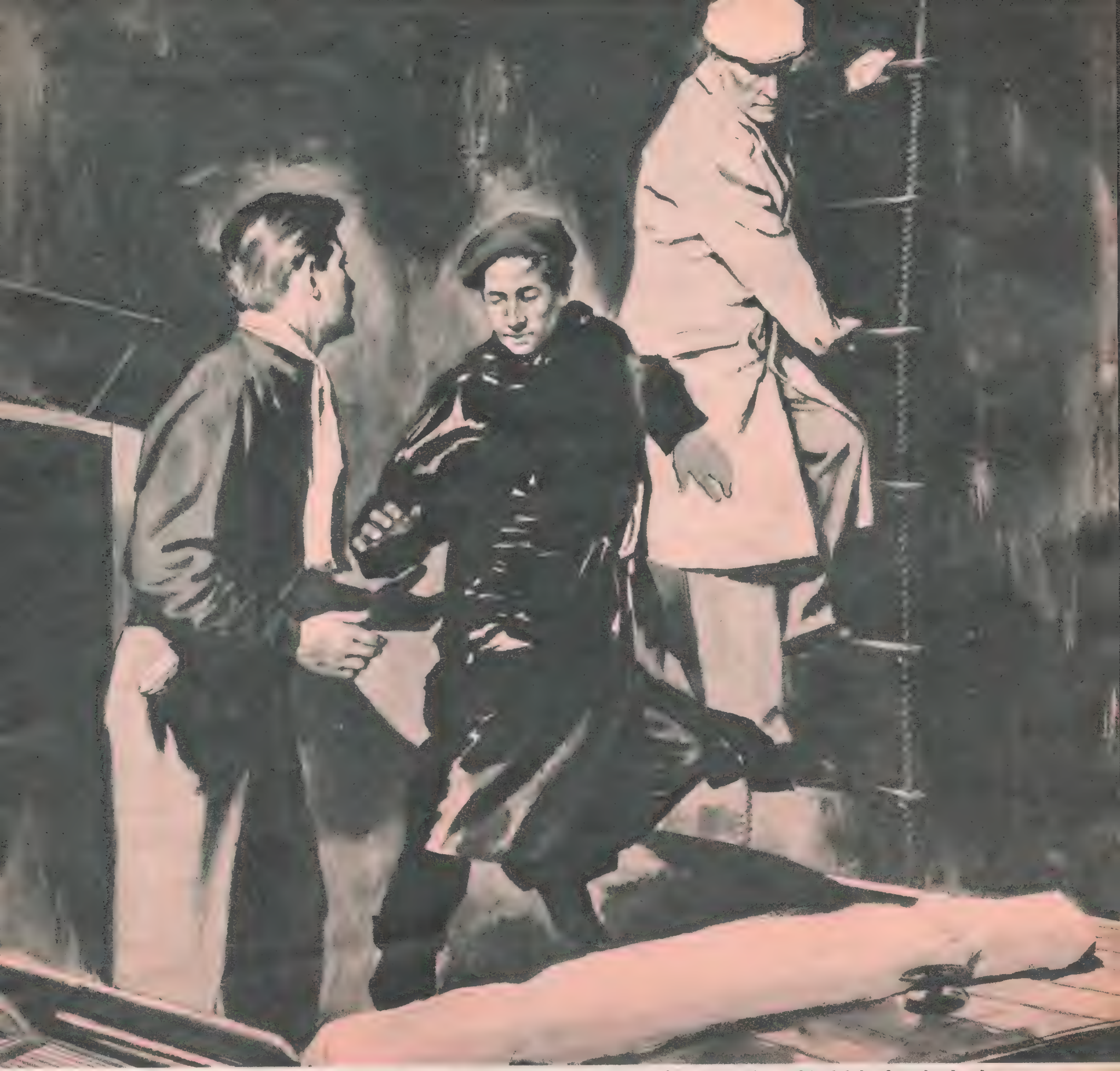
There was something about the way she sat, as though she were posing, yet bored and longing to be free, that interested me. Maybe the

A slight figure whom I did not recognize

fact that I couldn't see her very well made me want to have a clearer view. I moved round the aquarium, and as I did so she, too, moved. Not much, and that was the trouble . . . not enough to be casual, but just enough to keep me in sight.

Years in the army in Drexel's special jobs had grafted into me the anemone's instinct to contract when other eyes watch every movement you make. I tested her—changing position and waiting for her reaction. She was still nothing but a shape, but after each move of mine I saw the pale frame of her face turn in my direction.

I walked so far round the tanks that she had to change position so that she could keep me in sight. After a time, I went over to the open pool and stood there, about three yards from her. There were a couple of turtles and some



umped lightly past me into the launch. Then I saw Colonel Drexel. He was moving rather slowly down the ladder, and his left hand was bandaged

dogfish moving sluggishly about the water. The woman turned away from me. I still couldn't see her very clearly in the gloom. She wore some kind of loose coat. The twist of her body brought her legs out towards me and they looked strong and well-formed. Her hair was dark and fell loosely back into a gentle curl about her coat collar. But her face was hidden now.

She sat there, and something about her stance, as she leaned on one hand and stared at the pool, reminded me of an illustration in an old fairy-story book. I pulled out a cigarette and lit it, risking the sign at the door which said *"Défense de Fumer."*

The two men went out of the door at the far end of the aquarium and slammed it loudly behind them. The noise was like a pistol shot in the long, dark stretch of room. The woman started and her hand, moving away from the concrete pool wall, knocked to the floor a black handbag which had rested there. It burst open and a scattering of small objects rolled over the floor towards my feet.

I squatted down and began to gather some of them up. And now I was smiling to myself for, despite the noise of the door, the action had been transparent. She had even had to move her hand well out of its normal line of withdrawal to knock the bag over. I didn't look at her, but she was there, crouching opposite me collecting her things.

I stood up and handed the things to her.

She said: *"Merci bien, monsieur."*

I told her it was a pleasure, and waited.

Speaking in French, and fiddling with her bag, she said: "There is something wrong with the clip. Whenever I drop it—it goes off like a bomb."

"Maybe I can fix it?" I reached for the bag.

"Oh, no, no, no . . .!"

I smiled at the way she said it and also at the movement, the bag drawn up in both hands against her breast. My bet was that the clip was perfectly good but had been left open deliberately. I could see her better now; a long, not unattractive face, solemn until she spoke and then full of a wonderful animation, and, unless it was the gloom, she had the biggest, darkest eyes I'd ever seen.

But it wasn't the way she looked that held me, or her voice, soft but touched with a faint hoarseness, or in the way she held herself. It was the fact that she was playing a part, and

Continued on page 34

Backstage genius who spotlights show business

by JOHN HARMAN

Producers seeking startling effects call in Bill Lorraine. His lights can make actresses look years younger—or actors vanish in mid-air

In the office theatre, Lorraine (left) plans the lighting for a new show. Effects in sixty colours can be produced from the switchboard console

AT A DRAMATIC MOMENT during the opening night, last autumn, of *The King And I* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, a wide expanse of the stage sky was suddenly filled with fireworks. A continuous stream of rockets rose majestically, burst and fell in clusters of coloured stars.

The applause of the audience was a tribute to Bill Lorraine, a lighting engineer. Behind the scenes, using a "magic lantern" technique which had taken him two years to perfect, he had shone pictures of rockets on to the backcloth of the set.

"I had a row of six lanterns," he says, "and I got the movement of rising and falling by spinning circular glass slides in front of the lenses, three one way and three the other."

Today, his slides, which can make background pictures move vertically or horizontally across a stage, are used in theatres in many parts of the world to reproduce not only fireworks, but clouds, mist, rain, snow and waves. This Christmas, for a northern pantomime, he has designed one for projecting a cascade of roses.

Fooled Coronation Crowds

Lorraine, a slim, brisk Londoner of forty-five, is the best-known lighting expert in show business. As a senior engineer of Strand Electric, the largest makers of stage lighting equipment in Britain, he has supervised the lighting of all kinds of productions, including circuses, pageants and tattoos.

He had an unusual commission at the time of the Coronation. A business firm asked him to illuminate their Thames-side offices in a way which would attract attention, so he installed powerful red lights on the roof to look like flames. "Passers-by thought the building was ablaze, and kept telephoning the fire brigade."

Producers of ice shows, anxious for spectacle, have called him in for impressive effects. When lighting an ice rink, he heads a team of about thirty electricians using six hundred spotlights—twice the number in an average theatre production—and has a dozen special lights, each five feet long and throwing a beam of 1,600,000 candle-power, for picking out solo skaters.

In the ice adaptations of *Chu Chin Chow* and *Rose Marie*, he achieved startling contrasts by plunging the auditorium in darkness and switching on ultra-violet lamps. Chinamen and Redskins, their clothing treated with a special paint, showed like ghosts. Using a similar method in another show, he made Vic Oliver appear to float in mid-air.

Faked Indian Rope Trick

Once, in a revue, this use of invisible light enabled him to fake the Indian rope trick. "I hung a rope from the flies," he says, and covered the lower half with fluorescent paint. In semi-darkness, under ultra-violet lamps, it gave the impression of a short length of rope standing upright on the stage. The actor started from a pool of ordinary light at the foot of the rope, and when he climbed past the halfway mark the audience could not see him."

When composing a show's lighting plot, or electricians' "script," he ranks as a key member of the production team. Skilful lighting helps to create mood and atmosphere. Garish or badly placed lights can spoil scenery, costumes—and players' reputations. In a current West End musical, he has made a fifty year-old actress seem younger by lighting her scenes diagonally, because overhead lights cast unflattering shadows.

During lighting rehearsals, which often continue until 3 a.m. and have caused him, through

Spectacular lighting in the London production, *The King And I*, has brought Bill Lorraine rounds of applause. In one scene he stages a fireworks display

missing last trains home, to sleep in nearly every theatre box in London, Lorraine sits in the stalls. He shouts instructions to electricians in the wings, trying out different colour schemes until he finds those which satisfy him.

His most difficult assignment was lighting the 1953 Royal Tournament at Earls Court. "My gear had to be installed in advance, even before seeing the show, so as not to interfere with rehearsals," he says. "Since one of the turns consisted of sailors on ladders ninety feet above the arena, spotlight angles had to be calculated to light their faces in profile and not dazzle them."

A Hitch At Royal Show

The first performance of the tournament, attended by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, gave him an anxious moment. As a surprise for the royal guests, he had planned to keep the arena in darkness until the instant they entered their box. Then every light would come on, revealing the entire company drawn up for inspection.

On hearing that the Queen's car had arrived outside Earls Court, he tried a final check of this effect—and found that none of the lights would work.

From his control room in the gallery, he watched with mounting apprehension the Royal party making their way to the box. At a switchboard in another part of the building, a mechanic named Billy Gamble searched for the fault.

"The main fuse had blown," says Gamble. "I rammed a replacement in, and the lights came back exactly on cue."

Sometimes, when lights fail during a performance, Lorraine needs a head for heights. To free the colour-change mechanism of a spotlight which jammed during a revue, he reached the light by crawling along a bar over the stage, and stayed there for the rest of the show.

In addition to supervising spotlights, footlights, battens and similar fixtures surrounding a stage, Lorraine is usually responsible for electrical props. One scene-change of a play, in which he had forty-five seconds to plug in lamps, bells and loudspeakers, resulted in his only appearance in front of an audience. "The curtain accidentally went up while I was still on the stage," he recalls. "I dashed behind a desk, but remembered too late that it was a knee-hole type. The curtain had to be rung down again."

Another attempt at concealment, this time by an actor playing the part of a murderer, ruined a carefully planned lighting effect. Lorraine had created an eerie atmosphere by lighting the stage with a flickering fire in the grate. Unfortunately, the murderer entered while the victim was still talking with another member of the cast. A lock prevented him from reopening the door, so in a frantic effort to hide he squeezed into the fireplace, where he stood with Lorraine's "flames" licking round him.

"The chaos was completed by the victim fiddling with the door and inadvertently shutting himself outside the set. The murderer then stepped from the fireplace, crushing my fire to bits, and shot the wrong person."

When doing the lighting and special effects for *Journey's End* at a theatre in Cardiff, Lorraine installed a large metal tank behind the scenes, and hung electrically-fired detonators inside it, to produce the noise of guns. When the dress rehearsal had finished, he loaded the tank with forty new detonators and went out for a meal, leaving the switches in the "off" position.

"While I was away," he says, "a stage-hand changed all the switches to 'on.' Consequently, when the chief electrician threw the master-switch at the start of the show, all the detonators exploded at once. The tank leaped thirty feet and was wedged in the flies." After that, Lorraine made it a rule that nobody but he should touch the switchboard.

Forest Became A Palace

Trick lighting which Lorraine has used include the Samoiloff technique, developed by a Russian of that name, with which it is possible to change the appearance of actors and scenery simply by switching on lights of different colours. "A man wearing an all-red make-up looks normal under red light, but under a blue-green light the red is seen as black."

He used a variation of this technique in transforming a forest scene into a palace interior. The settings were superimposed on the same back-cloth. The forest was painted in red-orange, and the palace in blue-green. The forest appeared when the stage was lit with blue-green, but only the palace was visible with red light.

Lorraine tries out lighting methods and new types of equipment in an elaborately equipped theatre in the basement of his office at Covent Garden, London. Among the latest developments is a small switchboard on which more than twenty colours can be selected on dials. The switchboard automatically mixes them from the primary colours.

About four hundred lamp units in sixty colours can be controlled by the large switchboards, resembling organ consoles, which Fred Bentham, the firm's research manager, has designed for theatres.

These console-type switchboards are favoured by managements because they save manpower. One London theatre, which used to employ nine electricians on four different switchboards, now has one man at a console in the dress circle, lighting the entire show.

Worked Fourteen-hour Day

Lorraine, who is married, with two children, and lives at East Grinstead, Sussex, started as a theatre boilerman at the age of fourteen. He earned £4 a week for a fourteen-hour day, which included helping at the switchboard during shows. Later, after a course of electrical instruction, he got an £8-a-week job as a lighting engineer, and lit about eight productions a year.

After wartime service working on anti-submarine devices for the Royal Navy, Lorraine spent several months on the Continent, studying methods of back-projecting scenery with lanterns. He has since used projected scenery for a ballet at the Festival Hall, London, but considers that its future in this country is limited. "Managements cannot afford to spend thousands of pounds on obtaining backgrounds which are only suitable for subdued lighting."

Lorraine especially enjoys lighting classical ballets, which afford scope for subtle colour-changes and illusions such as transformation scenes.

A few years ago, however, when lighting a version of *Swan Lake* in a Roman amphitheatre at Verona, Italy, the audience provided a magic touch which surpassed his own on the stage.

As he dimmed the house-lights, each of the 25,000 people present carried out a traditional custom of lighting a candle. "The flames rippled in the breeze, beneath a clear night sky," he says. "*That* was the most wonderful lighting effect I have ever seen." THE END

The atonement of Laura Hazard

by ***PAUL HORGAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Just to think of this ugly, primitive Indian made her shudder. Yet she owed him so much...

THE TWO HORSEMEN seemed to be racing the moon. It was early night in April, 1887, in the southern Arizona desert. As the full moon rose, it cast a long shadow. If we gain that shadow, thought Second Lieutenant Matthew Carlton Hazard, they may never find us. He spurred his horse to keep up with his companion, Joe Dummy, an Apache scout in the service of the United States Army. Joe was bent over his horse's labouring neck. Ahead, the moonlight lay like a sea.

Sent out three days earlier from Fort Delivery to observe reported movements by the Chiricahua Apaches, Matthew had orders to estimate the numbers, the direction and the temper of the Indians; to avoid a fight; and to return to the fort within five days.

With Joe, he had seen the Indian band coming from Mexico just before sundown. They made a towering cloud of dust, so their numbers were great. They were heading north, where they had no business but outrage. As for their temper, one of them had sighted the two cavalrymen at an incredible distance and pursuit began at once. A dozen Chiricahuas had left their train and were still giving chase after sundown and nightfall. Once the pursuers had drawn near enough for shots to be exchanged. Matthew had heard both the sound of bullets and the sound of arrows.

Soon the ground lifted under the two horsemen in a long slope covered with tall, dry

The fire roared down the slope, outlining Joe Dummy in its savage glare. With rising excitement, Matthew watched the Indians leap out of hiding

grass. Suddenly they were at the edge of the shadow; they plunged into it. Matthew heard Joe dismount and he dismounted also. Leading their horses, they walked along the base of the mesa, the high, rocky tableland.

The scout knew this whole land, not only its sweep, but its detail. Matt saw Joe crouch, then rise and beckon, then disappear. An instant later, Matt himself came to the edge of a wide earth bunker at the foot of the mesa and went down over its edge. It was like being in an earthwork. Behind rose the sheer bluff; ahead lay a silvery stand of grass and then the desert.

Joe held up some charred mesquite roots left by earlier visitors.

"You knew just where to come," Matt said.

The Indian scout muttered that this was so. He almost never spoke but, to make himself understood, relied on gesture and the intensity of his desire to communicate. He now turned away from Matt and made an odd sound—a blast of breath through clenched teeth with lips skinned back like an animal in fury or pain.

"Joe, what's that?" asked Matt.

Joe Dummy bent forward in a kind of convulsion. Matt went to him and turned him around. The Indian held up an arrow, sniffed the point, then threw the arrow as far from him as he could. He sank to his knees.

"What is it?" Matt asked. "Where did you get the arrow? Did it strike you?" He was suddenly shocked by his own words. "Did it hit you, back there, where we fought them? Joe, are you hurt? *Answer me!*"

In the starlight, Joe finally answered. He took Matt's hand and showed, on Matt's own shoulder, where the arrow had struck, how it had quivered and stayed, how deeply it had bitten, how he had ridden miles with it in his flesh, and how only now—in safety, with duty done—he had pulled it out. He had smelled the arrow's head. Did the lieutenant know what this meant? It meant death.

Yes, Matthew knew. The arrow was poisoned. The Chiricahuas made baskets of spring willow canes. Into these they put captive rattlesnakes, which they teased with arrows thrust through the woven willows, so that the snakes struck again and again at the iron points, leaving on them the caked venom, which when dry gave no odour, but when wet, as with a man's blood, smelled to make the mouth go dry and the tongue come up in the throat. Such an arrow smelled of death. Joe Dummy was now getting ready to die.

"Like hell!" said Matt. "We'll do something." He pushed Joe about to face him and tore down his shirt at the right shoulder. Lighting a phosphorous match, Matt looked at the wound. It was raw and already puffy. He leaned and sniffed it; there was a faint stench.

SUDDENLY the match went out. Joe had put his fist about it. He indicated the open desert. A little light would show for miles and call for anyone to come near, enemies first of all.

Joe took Matt's hand and waved it as if to dissuade him from foolish hopes confronting death. *You go and leave me,* said Joe in his gestures and his few syllables. *Maybe I will be all right after all. But don't wait for me.*

"No, if it's true and that is snake poison, you'll die unless we do something."

Yes, I will die. But I will die anyway. You go. Now. Before they come. You know the way to the fort from here.

Matthew thought over what he knew of army field medicine. Haste was all he could think of for cases like the present one, haste and something red hot. Feeling about the bunker, he gathered up mesquite roots and branches and twigs and laid a fire. Joe moaned with protest. He indicated how a fire would call all desert life.

"I know," said Matt. "I know. But I must do this to save you."

Joe stared at the wild light of the fire. He stared at his commander. He could not believe that he was not to be abandoned. He saw Matt remove a spur and thrust one long blunt point into the heart of the coals. Matthew fanned; he nursed every scrap that would burn.

Presently Joe slid forward to the fire. From a pouch at his waist he took with the fingertips of one hand a fine yellow dust. Uttering sacred words deep in his throat, he released a pinch in all six sacred directions; north, south, east, west, up and down. He then made a puff of the powder over Matt's head and then another over his own. Then, in signs, he explained.

In his own time and among his own people, years before he had come to the army, he had been a doctor, with powers. The yellow dust was pollen of tule, or cat-tail. It was called *hoddentin* and was used this way in an act of prayer.

"*Ehl*" concluded Joe, in a sudden, constricted explosive sound, like a sharp breaking of a dried branch. It was a sound meant to startle supernatural powers into paying attention and hearing a prayer.

"Very good. Let us use every means, including this one," said Matthew as he took the spur, red-hot, out of the knotty fire.

He slapped Joe on the belly. "Lie down and hold on to me."

HE plunged the spur deep into the poisoned arrow wound and, sweating with sympathy, made it grind out a burned crater deeper than he guessed the poisoned area to be. Joe lay inert and silent as a sleeper, with his eyes open, staring at Matthew. Fire and smoke ascended against the dark face of the mesa.

Matthew sat back on his heels.

"Well, I hope that'll do it," he said. He went to the fire and kicked it apart, leaving a few veiled coals. He then took his canteen and gave Joe Dummy a drink of water. In response, Joe took from his waistband another sacred accessory. It was a twig from a tree that had been split by lightning. With this he made a wide looping gesture over Matthew, in thanks and blessing.

Matthew said: "Now rest a little, and I'll watch, and then we'll move for home."

The two soldiers said of each other in their thoughts that this was how a man should be: on the one hand quiet about pain and death, on the other loyal to life.

Matthew faced out, on guard, over the immense night. He shivered. He wanted to build up the fire again. There was no enemy to be seen in the moonlight, and he had much to think about.

Suddenly the night quiet was broken by a soft, plaintive, smothered cry that came from far out in the moonlight.

Matthew tightened everywhere in him. He leaned to peer. The cry came again—a rolled, sorrowful inquiry of the wilderness—ended with a little throaty yelp. It was the call of a coyote. And then Matthew jumped in astonishment, for close behind him there spoke another coyote exactly mimicking the heart-hungry voice of the animal out on the desert. Matthew turned.

It was Joe Dummy, with his nose raised like a snout, his mouth closed around a little "O," his cheeks drawn in, delicately managing the tone. In another instant Joe was at the fire. He took a last glowing coal with tongs made of sticks, blew on it and, before Matt could speak, threw it in an arc out into the dry, tall grass.

The grass took fire and, the wind being right, roared down the slope away from the bunker. In its savage light, Matthew saw the naked figures of his enemies leap to their feet from hiding and run away. One or two turned and fired rifles as they ran. They had crept forward so slowly that any movement of the grass might have seemed to be caused by a breeze; and in case any had been noticed, they had taken the voice of the coyote to explain it.

Matthew raised his carbine and fired. He fired as long as he could see running shapes. He

From inside the house came Jessica's voice: "What is it, Laura? What is it?" But Laura was too hysterical with fear to hear her

thought he saw some fall, through fire-waver and smoke. The grass stretched for a few miles. It would burn the Indians back to their train—thanks to Joe Dummy's acute understanding of the wilderness and all its creatures, the threat was over.

The two men ate their rations in silence, and Matthew thought of Laura his wife, at the fort, and of what this cold, bright night might have brought to her and to him.

Tomorrow would be the fourth day since he'd left her. The commanding officer, Major Prescott, and the post surgeon, Captain Gray, not to mention their wives and all the soldiers' wives at the post, would all do their best. But Matthew still hoped he would be back at the fort in time to know it the instant he became a father.

LAURA needed him near her. She had cried more than once at the prospect of bearing her first child in the desert, so far away from home—which meant the army circles, the settled old garrisons of the Atlantic seaboard.

He had more than once held her close to remind her that what mattered was their being together, nothing else. If they were together in the desert, then their child would never feel alien there. His breast filled with tender pain at the thought of how nearly, this night, he might have left them, his wife and coming child, for ever.

Far away by now a fiery ruffle showed the

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Concluding Christy Brown's stirring autobiography **MY LEFT FOOT**

Cheers for me – and red roses for Mother

I sat on the stage, feeling a thousand eyes watching me. These people had come to enjoy a concert, not to hear about a cripple. Then I saw that they were listening intently . . .

MY EXPERIENCES AT THE CLINIC and the effects it had upon me filled my mind with ideas. It almost seemed as though a curtain had been lifted from before my eyes, as though I had at last found the key to something that had puzzled and tormented me for a long, long time.

I wanted desperately to say something, not merely to my family, not merely to my friends, but to everyone. There was something in me, some inner urge to speak, and I wanted to get it out, to communicate it to others and make them understand it. I felt I had found something I had been looking for ever since I began to think and feel about myself. It wasn't just about myself, but about all who had a life similar to my own, a life shut in on all sides by the high wall of a narrow, suppressed existence. I felt I had at last found a way of scaling those walls and breaking loose from the shadow of them, a way of playing my part in the world along with the able-bodied.

But—how could I express what I wanted to say, what I wanted everyone to know? I had been so crippled at birth by cerebral palsy that I was unable to control movement of any kind. My hands were of no use to me at all; they were twisted and unruly, powerless to grasp a pen or hold anything. Nor could my lips utter the thoughts which were whirling round in my mind like swarms of impatient bees, because even now, at eighteen, I was still tongue-tied, still unable to speak any sort of intelligible language outside the family circle.

As If He Were Gagged

What about my faithful old friend, my left foot, the one limb that I could control? The foot that had been my only weapon against despair and defeat through all those years. Could I not write with that as I had done before?

No! That was impossible. I knew that if I started to use my left foot again I would be standing in the way of my own recovery. Besides, I had promised not to do so. If I was to learn to walk and speak and to use my hands, the doctor had said, then I must give up using my left foot. Only then would the rest of my limbs have a chance of responding to the exercises and treatment I was receiving at the clinic.

It seemed that I had reached a dead end. I felt the way anyone would feel with their hands and feet tied and a gag in their mouth.

Then suddenly I had an inspiration. I was sitting in the kitchen one afternoon thinking

Burl Ives sings at the Dublin concert in aid of the Cerebral Palsy Association. Christy Brown, who became the "star" of the concert that night, is in the front row between his mother and father

Physiotherapist Barbara Allen looks on as Christy learns to walk on wooden "skis." He can now walk a little on his own

Down the slide goes a child at Bull Alley Street clinic, watched by Frances Prince. It's good fun—and at the same time she learns to relax and overcome her fear of movement

about this problem, when I noticed one of my brothers writing in a copybook. This was Eamonn, just twelve years of age at the time, and he was doing his homework—an English composition, which I could see, by the scowl on his face, he wasn't enjoying. The idea of him sitting there writing and yet not knowing what to write about, and me sitting there by the window, my brain teeming with ideas and yet not able to hold a pen in my hand, almost made me want to run amok!

Eamonn Becomes A Scribe

Instead, I leaned forward and asked him what he was doing.

"Trying to write a composition for school," answered Eamonn with a sigh.

I saw my chance. I told him I'd help him—on condition that he'd write something for me in return. He was very doubtful about this idea, but in the end he agreed. When we were finished with his homework, we went out to my study at the back of the house, got a ninepenny jotter out of the drawer, sat down at the table and looked at each other.

"What d'ye want me to write down for you?" asked my brother innocently, the pen poised in his hand. I looked out of the window at the branches of the trees waving against the bright spring sky, thought a bit, then turned back to look at my young brother's inquiring face.

"My life story!" I told him.

Poor Eamonn let his pen clatter down on the table. "Your . . . what?" he asked.

I told him again, and this time he was quite silent. In the end I got him to agree to write for me for "an indefinite period." We started that very afternoon, without any sort of preparation whatever.

I was eighteen when I began that first attempt to write my autobiography. It was a ponderous piece of work, a veritable forest of seven- and eight-syllabled words. My main reading up to then had been Dickens, and in my inexperience I imagined it my duty to try to imitate his style of writing—with the result that the English I used was completely out of date! So long were the words that I had to spell them letter by letter, before my brother could write them down on to the page. I am still wondering why neither of us had a nervous breakdown during the writing of that tremendous first attempt. It must have amounted to tens of thousands of words before I became discouraged.

Its title typified the whole. I called it *The Reminiscences of a Mental Defective*! I meant that to be a nice piece of irony, a sort of punch on the nose for the doctors who had doubted my sanity as a child. The language, if impossible, was gorgeous. For instance, instead of calling myself a cripple and leaving it at that, I spoke of myself as being an "unfortunate item of mortality," and again as a "heavenly miscarriage."

On The Working Class

The other day I pulled out part of this famous manuscript. In the first chapter I gave a description of my home life: ". . . I was brought up amid an environment of working-class doctrination and morality. As the world knows, the pursuit of literary . . . knowledge is not widely practised by this class of the human race. . . . Intellectualism is not a characteristic of this breed. . . ."

On page thirty-two I was still on the subject of the working class!

All this, of course, didn't mean that I didn't know what I wanted to say, but the trouble was that I didn't know *how* to say it. I seemed to be quite determined never to make a simple statement if I could turn it into a complex one.

The following passage shows clearly the effect Dickens had on me, because it is so typically Dickensian that it might almost have come from between the covers of any one of his books.

". . . It is when we are released from the turbulence and feverish activity of day that we fall, without conscious effort or mental volition, into a reverie mingled with regrets and mellow joys. . . . All the happy and tearful scenes of the forgotten past crowd before our inner eye. We relive again the trials and pleasures we have been through . . . we recall all our little vanities and pretences. We exclaim to ourselves: 'This wasn't me! I was never as reckless as that, surely!' Yet the past never lies, it is irrevocable . . . would that it were not so! What an abundance of saints and angels there would be then. . . !"

I was eighteen when I perpetrated that!

Wanted To Burn His Book

The pages of manuscript just kept piling up, stack upon stack. The longer the "book" dragged on the more irritable I became. I'd get so annoyed that sometimes I wanted to burn the whole thing, but I had by this time spent nearly two years at it and I couldn't bear to admit that I had failed. I knew that I could write a good book, if only—if only. . . .

That was it! If only I had someone to advise me, to show me how to write clearly and constructively. Someone who would know what he was talking about, who would put me on to the right path; someone not only with brains but with a heart as well.

But where could I find this somebody? Not at home, anyway! This was a house of bricklayers only. My brothers knew nothing about writing, and I knew nothing about laying bricks, so that was that.

Then one day, as I was sitting moodily by the window, a name suddenly flashed across my mind, so suddenly that I almost fell off the chair: "Collis!" I heard myself saying out

Christy Brown's friend and doctor, Robert Collis, smiles as Burl Ives signs autographs at the Dublin concert. Collis, who is also an author, helped and encouraged Christy to write his book

loud, "Collis!" Without waiting to think, I yelled for Eamonn to get a postcard from the drawer. The note I sent was very short: "Dear Dr. Collis. I'm trying to write a book. If you don't mind, please come and help me. Christy Brown."

Dr. Collis was the founder of the clinic and chief of the Cerebral Palsy Association of Ireland. He was also the man who had filled my life with new hope, when he had called at my home to tell me of a new treatment that might cure me. I had liked him from the moment I saw him. I felt sure he would help me.

Dr. Collis proved to be the very man I needed. For, as I later found out, he was not just Dr. Collis—but Robert Collis, the author, too, the man who had written the famous play, *Marrowbone Lane* and *The Silver Fleece*, his own autobiography, and other plays and books.

The next day I was in my little study, sitting by the fire reading Dickens, when the door opened suddenly and Dr. Collis came in. "Hallo," he said, coming over and sitting down on a chair. "I got your S O S this morning. So you're writing a book. Well, let's see it."

He Kept A Poker Face

I had the manuscript stored away in an old leather case under the bed. He got down on his knees, pulled it out, took out the manuscript, brought it over to the table, put on his glasses and began reading. As he read the first page I saw him raise his eyebrows. He read the second and the third, and each time his eyebrows went higher. Then he put down the copy on the table. He looked at me keenly to see if I could take criticism and understand. I forced myself to keep a poker face.

He smiled. "Yes, it's awful—" he said, "the language you use may have been popular in the reign of Queen Victoria, but. . . ."

My heart sank within me as I heard this. It looked hopeless. How could I ever write a book—I, who had been shut up all my life behind the four walls of my home and who had never as much as seen the inside of a schoolroom? I was mad even to think of such an idea. This passed through my mind as Robert Collis sat before me reading that awful manuscript.

"Rose Among The Weeds"

Suddenly he stopped and sat upright in the chair. His face was smiling with approval. "Good!" he exclaimed, excitedly slapping the table with his hand. "You have written one sentence here that stands out like a rose among a lot of weeds. It shows me that you could write if you knew how. That's what I wanted to find out."

He took up the manuscript, looking at it again thoughtfully. I could hear the fire crackling, the clock ticking loudly on the mantelshelf and the faint sound of voices coming from the kitchen across the yard. At last he spoke.

"Christy," he said, leaning forward with his elbows resting on the table, "all this hasn't been in vain. It may be unreadable, but it hasn't been a waste. If it has done nothing else, it has given you lots of practice at thinking out ideas. If you still want to write your story——?" He paused and looked at me questioningly. I nodded my head vigorously. I wanted to write that story above everything else.

"Right, then," he went on. "If so, you must begin the whole thing again!"

Now he began to talk, to teach me. "There are two main principles attached to writing any sort of story," he said. "First, you must *have* a story to tell, and secondly, you must tell it in such a way that the person reading it can live in it himself. Now let me give you some concrete points: Whenever you can, use a short word rather than a long one. You have painted pictures with a brush, try and do the same thing with a pen. Practise it. Just describe the room here: your queer chair, the picture on the smudged wall there, the broken mirror, the books, that coloured photograph. . . ."

I listened as I had never listened before that evening and many following while he taught me how to write. I never forgot one thing he said. . . .

The Merrion Street Clinic was really only a long, narrow gymnasium hut at the rear of the Dublin Orthopaedic Hospital which couldn't be reached very easily. Apart from its out-of-the-way position, the space it afforded was very cramped indeed. Everything was on top of everything else—the children included. There wasn't much room for equipment, except a large wooden "slide" which was pushed close against one wall.

Their Play Has A Purpose

This contraption was not merely for the amusement of the children; it served another purpose as well. It had a small flight of stairs attached to it with a sort of platform at the top. This gave some of the children much good practice at climbing steps and using their hands in holding on to the rails as they went up. Thus they were taught to use both hands and feet at the same time, an action which many of them couldn't do under normal circumstances, except in a very jerky way. As they slid down the long chute they slowly learned to relax and overcome their fear of movement.

The clinic, however, was becoming overcrowded. Things were getting desperate when I suddenly heard that we were going to move to another part of the city, to bigger premises. I was sorry to leave the old clinic. I felt sentimental about it, for I had made many good friends there. I remembered the first morning I came to it: the brown wooden walls, the high windows, the tree outside dripping with winter rain . . . and my student friend Sheila.

The new clinic was in Bull Alley Street. It was a tall, red-brick building, with handsome arches and a sort of green cupola on the top. It had many large windows in front and wrought-iron railings all round. The rooms inside were large and sunny and everyone had plenty of space to move around in. Compared with the old clinic, it was a very "posh" place indeed.

Since I have been coming to the clinic almost from its birth, I have come to regard it as being in some way a part of me. I don't just think of it as a place where I come to get treatment for my affliction, as a "medical institution" filled with doctors and physiotherapists. It has *spirit* as well as efficiency, genuine human warmth as well as cold, scientific precision. The people in the cool white coats have very warm hearts, and in their job a warm heart counts just as much as medical skill, for theirs are not ordinary patients.

Minds Become Twisted, Too

We need confidence and friendliness as well as, if not more than, medical treatment. It is not only our muscles and limbs which bother us—sometimes it is our minds as well. A child with a crooked mouth and twisted hands can very easily develop a set of very crooked and twisted attitudes both towards himself and life in general. If the idea of his "difference" as compared to normal children is allowed to take root in his mind, it will grow with him into adolescence and eventually into manhood, so that he will look out on life with a mind as distorted as his body. Life becomes to him just a reflection of his own "crookedness," his own emotional pain.

In the clinic, it is different. Here, we are "among our own." We are surrounded by people with handicaps similar to, and often worse than, our own, and we see that our old "difference" is not so different after all. From

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Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

(NCC 864)

In the biggest naval action of the war, the mighty warships of Japan's fleet were battered and sunk—from the air. "Ten Years After," Britain's leading strategist describes the triumph of the aircraft carriers in . . .

The battle that ended the battleships

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

When Ozawa decoyed the American Third Fleet north, Leyte was left lightly guarded. Then two Japanese squadrons attacked from the west

IT WAS in October, 1944, that the most decisive act of the war in the Pacific took place. The bulk of the Japanese Navy was then thrown into a three-pronged counterstroke against the American invasion of the Philippines. In three tense days of fighting, the Japanese fleet was shattered, and its remnants never again emerged to contest the American seaborne advance towards Japan. The great gamble proved to be "a gambler's last throw."

This greatest of modern naval battles had an extraordinary, three-cornered aspect. For it was fought by a battle fleet to defeat the advance of an army, and it was won mainly in the air.

The victory went to the most modern-minded navy, and was basically due to its modern-mindedness. Yet it is also true that luck and accident played here an even bigger part than in most battles.

Enemy Struck Swiftly

The war in the Pacific started on December 7, 1941—when the American battle fleet was crippled in little more than an hour, by a sudden stroke that the Japanese carrier-borne aircraft delivered against it in Pearl Harbour, its base in the Hawaiian Islands. Three days later, the two British capital ships that Churchill had just sent to Singapore, the Prince of Wales and Repulse, were sunk off the coast of Malaya by land-based aircraft operating from Saigon, in Indo-China, which the Japanese had occupied.

Following these two paralysing blows, the Japanese wave of conquest spread swiftly through the Pacific and into the Indian Ocean. Within a few months it extended eastward to the Solomon Islands, threateningly close to the Australian coast, and westward to the borders of India.

Until the fateful week of early December, 1941, the prevailing opinion in the Allied navies had persisted in the belief that battleships were invulnerable to air attack, and were still able to "command the sea." I have ample reason to be aware of this dominant opinion—from my endless arguments with British and American admirals over the previous twenty years.

That faith had undergone a swift collapse by

Continued on page 53

Admiral Halsey, nicknamed "The Bull," commanded the U.S. Third Fleet. His motto—"What we do, we do fast"—led him straight into a Japanese trap

Bill Bracken smoothes the trail for skiers

by JOHN ENNIS

On mountain slopes, his name and nerve are legend. He has taught his perfect style to kings and princes, saved a queen on a ninety mile an hour run—and steered a talkative woman into a stream

IN THE SPRING OF 1950 Bill Bracken, a ski-ing instructor, led his pupil, an air-marshal, along an artificial structure called the Gallery, a fast ski-run at Zermatt, Switzerland. At the bottom of a fifty-foot drop at the side of the Gallery, which is a one-kilometre-long wooden ramp, the spring thaw had left the rocky ground bare, with only a few isolated patches of snow.

Travelling at speed, Bracken glanced round to see that his pupil was safe. One of his skis dug into a hole made by someone earlier in the day. He was hurled off the Gallery.

"I somersaulted through the air, and landed on a tiny patch of snow," says Bracken. "If I had fallen a yard to right or left I would have been killed. As it was, I was unhurt."

Bracken, the only Englishman who teaches ski-ing professionally, jokingly makes all his pupils honorary members of his private Gadarene Club, because of the tendency of skiers to emulate the Biblical swine who rushed downhill to destruction.

After ski-ing for nearly fifty years at all speeds up to his top performance of 98.6 miles an hour, Bracken has nothing worse than half a dozen sprains to complain of. "I've never broken a bone—touch wood," he says. "All my injuries have been caused by rotten snow, when the snow has taken charge instead of me. In the spring, you often get a hollow between the snow and the ground, and it is not always possible to detect this."

It was in spring snow that he had to teach Yvonne Mitchell, the film actress, to ski for a film sequence at St. Johann, in the Austrian Tyrol, last March.

"She managed to learn enough in only four four-hour sessions," says Bracken. "The film people said to me, 'For goodness' sake don't break her,' and all the time I was terrified because of the rotten snow."

A small, slightly built man of fifty-two, with a weatherbeaten face, white moustache and white hair, Bracken is considered by many experts to be the world's greatest ski stylist.

In the current British Ski Year Book, James Riddell, a veteran skier, writes, "In my opinion, there never was a skier to match Bill Bracken, not only by standards of race results, but also, and perhaps more so, for polish and versatility."

Bracken holds the Pery Medal, the highest honour awarded by the Ski Club of Great Britain, and he has had more racing successes than any other Englishman.

At Kitzbühel, Austria, Bracken teaches the finer points of ski-ing to people who already know the rudiments of the sport. "I make a living out of it—not a very good living, but it enables me to spend my winter ski-ing, which I love," says Bracken. "And I adore teaching. It amuses me."

Sometimes Bracken's pupils fail to realize the danger of an involuntary downhill rush. Among those he has taught were Albert, King of the Belgians, and his Queen, Elizabeth. One day Bracken was ski-ing along an easy ridge, the Hog's Back at Mürren, Switzerland, holding the Queen by her arm. To their right lay Lone Tree Slope, a steep run which even experts hesitate to take in a straight *schuss* from top to bottom.

"My intention of going gently along the ridge was thwarted by Her Majesty, who became frightened and started kicking like mad," says Bracken. "I found myself going down the slope at about ninety miles an hour, with the Queen under my arm. Her skis were all over the shop, but we arrived intact, still standing."

In the valley, the Queen said, "I'd love to do that again." King Albert, a skilled mountaineer who had realized the danger of the descent, said: "Thank you, Bill. You looked after my wife very well."

With his wife, Babs, looking on, Bracken oils one of his skis. Many experts consider him to be the world's greatest stylist. "There never was a skier to match Bill Bracken," says one

The Prince Wanted Trousers

Another royal pupil was the Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales. The Prince was attracted by Bracken's *vorlagers*—the narrow ski-trousers that are now universal, but which at that time were worn only by a few experts. The Prince said, "Bill, I must have a pair of trousers like yours." Bracken took him to a small tailor's shop in Kitzbühel.

While the tailor, a man named Ganzer, stood rubbing his hands together, the Prince said, "I want a pair of trousers like these." Ganzer stopped rubbing his hands, looked at Bracken's *vorlagers*, then at the Prince of Wales. "No, sir, you are not a good enough skier. I shall make you plus-fours," said the tailor.

"The Prince didn't argue," Bracken recalls. "Ganzer made him a dreadful pair of Continental plus-fours, which hung down to his ankles."

During his racing career, Bracken was at his best in slalom races, in which the skier has to twist and turn to pass between pairs of flags placed in awkward positions on the hillside. His superiority in this kind of race came from his invention of a new fast turn, known as the parallel swing. One day, he was ski-ing in a wood when he was forced to make a sharp turn with his skis close together to avoid hitting one against a tree.

Normal turns were, at that time, made with the skis apart. When Bracken realized that he

When Bracken taught Yvonne Mitchell, the actress, to ski, her film company begged him: "Don't break her." Bracken himself was terrified—of "rotten snow"

had turned without falling, he spent a whole winter practising his discovery. Later, he taught the parallel swing to Émile Allais, a French skier, who developed it into a fast style that is now taught in French ski schools.

In two of his most important races, Bracken was robbed of victory by mistakes, one made by himself, the other by his father. In a world championship race at Zakopane, Poland, in 1929, he should have started on the count of fifteen. Keyed up for the race, he forgot to count the seconds and, as he could not understand Polish, the starter's counting was of no help to him. "At twenty," says Bracken's wife, Babs, "someone gave him a kick in the pants, and off he went." Even with the five-second delay, he flashed by the winner two seconds after he had passed the finishing line.

Missed The Starter's Flag

Bracken's father was one of three timekeepers at a race for the Arlberg-Kandahar Cup, one of the world's senior open ski-ing events. Though the other two timekeepers recorded Bracken's time as being fast enough to make him the winner, his father missed the starter's flag, and failed to time him. After climbing six hundred feet to do the run again, Bracken's second time was much slower.

Nowadays, for safety, ski racers begin at timed intervals. Bracken preferred the excitement of the old massed starts. "We raced against the man then, and there was always a narrow place where we all met."

In the massed start days, a friend named John Joannides had a habit of digging backwards with his sticks. In one race one of his sticks caught Bracken a painful poke in the stomach. "I caught him up," says Bracken, "and hit him a whack on the behind with my stick. The surprise sent him over the top, and he shot down the wrong gully. He was out of that race. He was going at such a bat, he couldn't stop."

The day before another race at Scheidegg, Switzerland, Bracken noticed Joannides digging up trees in a wood on the course. "I realized he was making a short cut for himself for the next day's race," says Bracken. "I said nothing, but in the race I went through the same gap, and beat him. He was furious." The gap is now officially known as "Johan's Hole."

Bracken began ski-ing before he was three years old. "I still ski better than I can walk," he says. His father, a climber, decided to give up mountaineering in summer because German climbers would not open the windows of mountain huts, and they insisted on putting their socks on the stoves. For winter mountaineering, he imported skis from Norway.

Today, Bracken's name is almost legendary among skiers. Recently, at a crowded cocktail party, he found himself next to a girl who began making conversation.

"Do you ski?" she asked him. He admitted that he did. For some time she talked of her own prowess, and asked him whether he could do christiana turns, telemark turns, the parallel swing. Growing more and more uncomfortable, Bracken answered, "Yes . . . yes . . . yes." Finally she asked his name. "I'm Bill Bracken," he told her. "Oh Lord," said the girl, and fled.

"She must have felt a clot," says Bracken. "But so did I."

Bracken will undertake any task in the cause of ski-ing. To set the flags for the Scottish Ski Championship slalom race, on an icy day, he walked for four hours, carrying flags and skis, to a gully that contained enough snow. In a blizzard he stuck in the flags. He skied once down the course. It took him forty-five seconds. Then he set off on the four-hour walk back

He can be ruthless when he considers it necessary for the good of his ski-ing class. One woman pupil was boring the others with her display of knowledge. Passing over a frozen stream, Bracken said to her, "It's easier to walk over there." As he knew she would, she fell through the ice.

Bracken believes that age is no bar to learning to ski. The best age to begin, he says, is ten, but "I have seen people who began at sixty become quite good." Once he was approached by an elderly woman he had been teaching earlier in the day. "I wish you would not say such dreadful things," she told him. Unable to recall saying anything dreadful, he asked her to explain. "Today you told me to come down on my skis, not on my corsets," she said.

Village Boys Sped Past Him

In 1949, Captain "Patsy" Richardson, one of Bracken's friends, was glancing through the list of entrants for the British Ski Championship. "Nobody here you can't beat, Bill," he said. Richardson recalls: "He didn't want to go, but I shoved him on the train."

Wearing steel skis, Bracken was practising when he found all the village boys speeding past him. His skis, which should curve gently upward toward the centre, had gone flat. He bought a new pair of wooden skis for £20, and won the slalom race on them without ever having worn them before.

"Most racers are past their peak at twenty-six," says Richardson. "Bill was forty-eight, and he beat all the youngsters—an incredible performance." THE END

OH, MY BROTHER !

A World Prize Story

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD FORSTER

It was fifty miles to the hospital; fifty miles of track and jungle, with his brother on his back

SHER SINGH'S LITTLE BROTHER lay in the hut with a pain in his stomach that was getting worse. Sher Singh himself was only about twelve years old, brown and cheerful, a child of the jungle, and his brother was several years younger. There had been other children, of course, but they were dead, carried off by cholera and influenza and such, and by jungle accidents. Now there was only this Sher Singh and the little brother Kunwar.

"I will wring out rags in boiling water and lay them on his stomach," said their mother. She did not smile. She did not weep. She had lived through everything over and over again.

"What shall I do?" asked Sher Singh, who was feeling ill inside him because of his brother. "I will get the sticks for the fire. I will get the water. Let me tear up the rag. . . ."

They used fuel recklessly to get the water hot soon. They laid steaming cloths on the child's little belly. But after a while Sher Singh's mother said: "He must be carried in to hospital at Kalaghat."

Then Sher Singh knew that his brother was dying. When she said the word "hospital" he knew it, for all jungle people are well aware that hospital is but the resort of the doomed. Something took him by the throat

"I will run for my father," he cried.

"It may be days before you find him."

Sher Singh's father was known far and wide as Sher Singh Bahadur—The Brave; a famous shikari, with the title Bahadur added to his name like a medal because of all he had done. He lived his life here in Laldwani village, grazing his animals, cultivating his bit of land. But whenever there was an expedition into the jungle in search of big game, either to shoot or take pictures, they sent for this man, Bahadur the Brave.

He could find tigers where there were no tigers at all. He could look at the dry grass and tell everything that had happened there. He could listen to chitral calling and say "a panther has just killed one of them, and they can still see him with his kill." All down his skull and back and shoulder went a scar where claws had opened his flesh to the bone when he was pulling a comrade away from a tiger. On his leg was a place where a snake had bitten him and he had cut and burned out the wound. He had two fingers missing, and his face marked, and once he had walked five miles through the jungle with his puggree bound round his stomach to stop everything from falling out through the torn skin. Sher Singh Bahadur.

And now he was away in the jungle with a photographic expedition. All the men of Laldwani village, too, as beaters.

In this mud-and-grass hut, upon the floor of trodden earth, upon the low string charpoy, Kunwar lay crying, and sometimes coughing from the smoke, but mostly glazed and silent.

Sher Singh, the son of his father, looked at his young brother and he saw death in his eyes.

"There are no men in the village," he said. "I will take him."

His mother must stay behind to mind the cattle and work the land without which they would all starve; and he and she both understood this without saying so.

But she was a hill woman. She knew about carrying loads. Her own home was way up in the high mountains above these foothills here round Laldwani, and she knew how to sling a load from a band round the forehead down the back, so that the shoulders and the strong muscles of a thick neck could take fabulous weights up hill and down dale all day without complaint.

She took one of her two saris and she made a sling for Sher Singh to put around his forehead and down his back, and she lifted up the child Kunwar who was doubled with pain and put him into it.

Sher Singh could feel immediately the heat of the boy's body burning through the cotton cloth. He felt the weight, too, and he wondered how he was going to manage.

"He is too big for you," said his mother. She spoke in the whisper of despair. "You will never get there."

Sher Singh said nothing. He set off.

IT was evening. All the huts of Laldwani village lay in a strong orange glow. Around the village were spread their bits of cultivation and the maidan where they grazed their cattle, and the hedges made of piled-up thorn branches, and the pound into which the forest guards locked any cattle they caught feeding in government reserved forest. Then there was a good deal of burned grassland which had been fired to save the village in case of any forest conflagration. Beyond that, the jungle began.

Scrub at first, rough grassland dotted with thorn trees, and then with sal, from which they got sleepers for the railway at Kalaghat. That was as far as the railway came; it was at least fifty miles away, but Sher Singh hoped that if he could get through the jungle and cross the two rivers that lay between him and his goal, he might get a lift in a bullock cart or perhaps even a broken-down truck for the last part of his journey.

But not yet. Here, where the path was rutted

"He must be carried in to hospital," their mother

with cart wheels, and his bare toes disappeared into silk-soft dust, he was alone on the track that wound into forest, into night.

Not quite alone, though. Some unknown jungle sense made him hesitate between one step and the next, and a cobra that had been sunning itself on the path in the last of the daylight contracted and rose with a hiss, its hood spreading to show the spectacle mark on the back.

Sher Singh stood frozen. Then, very slowly, he backed away.

The cobra swayed, watching him, its tongue playing in and out like a leech. But this beautiful creature of metallic scales, with poison in its teeth, wanted only to get away, as the boy

said. Sher Singh felt something grip his throat. Hospital, he knew, was the resort of the doomed

himself did. It subsided and slid off into the matted grass.

Sher Singh drew a breath. The snake-feeling left his legs and he was able to walk on.

KUNWAR, twitching and groaning on his back, was already getting heavier. Oh, for a rest, to let aching muscles draw up from the painful stretching and strain. But it was too soon to rest yet.

Around him lay primeval forest in which the struggle of vegetation and the struggle of life continued as they had done since the beginning of the world. Luxuriant bamboo sprang fast from its nodules; impenetrable thorn thickets fought for air; trees and undergrowth and scrub and grass. And in this jungle lived the animals of the forest, the monkeys and raucous peacocks, tiger and panther and bear and elephant. Since the deer were now so poached and decimated, the beasts of prey were obliged to kill domestic animals for food. Sometimes even man.

Night fell. The sky blushed purple. Black. It blazed with stars. Sher Singh had good eyes, he could still see, and presently the moon rose.

The sight of bear tracks in the dust—the square front paw and long back one, with the shaggy claws—made him glance round uneasily.

He had once seen a man who had been mauled by a bear, all the face torn away. He quickened his step.

Presently, on a cliff above a river bed, he knew he could go no farther without rest. Sweat was running on his shaking flesh.

He got his burden against a tree, and pushed the band up off his forehead and over his straightening hair, and he let Kunwar down as gently as he could.

"*Oh!*—Oh-h-h——" cried Kunwar at the jolt.

"What can I do for you?" sobbed Sher Singh, but the child was delirious and answered rubbish.

Suddenly all Sher Singh's muscles, shrinking back to their natural positions, thrilled with piercing pain. Where the band had pressed into his forehead, blood returned under the skin. He lay against the tree with his eyes shut, recovering.

It was then they heard the jostle and squeal of elephants.

There is seldom need for elephants to travel silently in the jungle, and this herd was coming up the nullah, perhaps to new feeding grounds. Sher Singh was glad he was outside the ravine and above them.

Below him the broad river bed shone like ivory in the moonlight. A spread of white pebbles, edged by thorn, lay each side of the shallow, chuckling water full of little trout. Sand, too, lay in long swathes and banks down the watercourse, and on this the elephants travelled, leaving behind them a jumble of tracks as if a forest had walked.

He could see the cows and the babies, and one great old tusker with the dark, oily flow of the musth discharge on his cheeks. In that condition he might chase and kill men.

Their ears flapped, their tails swung, their shadows were black on the white sand. They were so near he could smell elephant, hear the squeak of sand crushed under their feet, and the brush of rough hide, one against the other. He could see the toss and hustle of great heads and black backbones.

THE tusker was playing his trunk to and fro to learn whatever the breeze could tell him; and suddenly he hesitated. The trunk came round towards the boys.

Sher Singh chilled with fright. With Kunwar to carry he could neither climb nor run. If he shouted, it could not but bring the catastrophe upon them. Prayer after prayer fled up like birds from his frightened spirit.

The tusker snorted, trumpeted, shook his head. Suddenly he hurried on angrily up the river bed and all the herd with him. They disappeared.

Sher Singh breathed one more prayer, of thanks this time, and made ready to move at once. He sat down with his back to Kunwar and got the band round his forehead again.

He could not rise. He tried again with all his might, but no use. All at once, in the distance, he heard an elephant trumpet, and next moment he was on his feet, loaded. He scrambled down into the river bed.

He had been here often by daylight and he knew that at this time of year, before the snow melted in the hills, before the snow-water came flooding down like boiling green milk, he could easily ford it. The water was broad but shallow. You could hear how shallow it was, as it raced along over the pebbles. A troutlet rolled and moonlight flashed from it as from a looking-glass.

He stepped into the river.

It was colder than usual, there was an icy edge to it, and in the middle it was deeper than it had been. He had to go slowly because of slime on the stones. He had to feel for footholds and be sure not to fall. The water was almost waist-deep. Perhaps snow-water was already coming down.

Thank goodness there was a bridge at the second river, he thought, seeing it already as his spirit strove forward faster than his body. It was a flimsy thing, but it was at least a bridge. Rings of bamboo poles had been driven into the stony river bed and tied round and filled with

SHOOT FIRST !

The exciting exploits of a TV newsreel cameraman in the world's trouble-spots

Ronnie Noble films American troops moving up to the Korean battle front

RONNIE NOBLE was playing a game of golf when the terse message arrived: KOREA TODAY THREE O'CLOCK PAN AMERICAN. Within a few hours, he was on his way to the other side of the world: his task—to film the signing of the Korean Armistice for the B.B.C. Television Newsreel.

In fifteen eventful years as a film and TV newsreel cameraman, Ronnie Noble has had a lens-eye view of some of the most historic events of our time, and has taken his camera to battle fronts and news centres in almost every part of the world.

He now tells of his adventures in an exciting new book, *Shoot First!* Starting next week, it will be serialized—before book publication—in JOHN BULL.

In peace and war, Noble has filmed many remarkable scenes. There was the close-up of a hissing unexploded bomb in an eerie, abandoned London street—a newsreel scoop that landed him in a police cell . . . the awesome sight of Japanese sailors committing *hara-kiri* in the sea . . . the splendour of a young Queen riding to her Coronation . . . the tragic picture of Korean waifs searching for food among ruined, phantom villages.

Shoot first—and argue afterwards. Between newsreel men there is always a war—the free-for-all fight for scoops.

Ronnie Noble describes how he eluded the police and "stole" the best shots of the Lincolnshire Handicap race from under his rival's nose. How he played "nanny" to four new—and newsworthy—babies and secured a scoop; how he gate-crashed the Russian camp at the Helsinki Olympics for exclusive photographs of the Soviet athletes.

In his years of filming, he has had his own adventures. He was "lost" on a hilarious patrol through the Sahara: taken prisoner by the Germans—and escaped to fight with the Maquis; threatened by terrorists in Palestine. And on one memorable day, he reluctantly captured thirty-seven prisoners—with his camera.

Shoot First! is an enthralling story of a man with an exciting and varied life. Illustrated with photographs from the author's own collection, it begins . . .

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

stones to make the piers of the bridge. Then more bamboos were laid from pillar to pillar and across, and laced with thick grass and surfaced with river gravel.

As Sher Singh swashed up on to the shore, water twinkled in his footprints before sinking into the sand. Coming up out of the river went another set of prints—a tiger's—and there was glitter in them, too. Even as he looked, it dried.

He plodded steadily on.

Every hour or so he had to rest, and each time it became more difficult to go on, although he had now mastered the knack of loading himself again.

His body panted and sobbed, no matter what he himself wished it to do.

But towards midnight he heard the second river ahead of him. He heard it from far away, and what he heard was the steady roar of flood. When he came out on the shore, he saw it.

A big head of snow must have melted yesterday, and here it was. From bank to bank, the river foamed. He looked for the bridge. It was not there. Only a fierce crest of water showed where it lay, submerged. That, and a drowned goat held against it by the torrent. Branches rose like dying arms in the vortex and caught against the bridge and feathered the wild glissade of water. Underneath, boulders moved. He could hear the river grinding its teeth.

Then on the cataract appeared an entire tree, churning slowly over and over, gathering speed and crashing against the drowned bridge. In all the thunder came a loud tearing sound; the bridge moved like a monster, heeled over and broke, throwing up its bamboo ribs like a fan. A fresh gush of flood poured over it.

So, now, how to cross? There was not a chance to swim. Even alone he would be lost. But perhaps among the wreck of the bridge there was a way?

He set Kunwar down and brought him water from the river in his hands.

"My brother——" the little boy whispered, and he drank.

Sher Singh gathered grass and he plaited it into a rope. The blades were sharp, they cut his fingers. He tied the rope round his brother and himself so they would keep together.

Then he entered the water just above the bridge. The river seized them and flattened them against the wreck. At first he could not move, but then he began to edge forward into the maëlstrom, holding on to this and that, feeling forward in the storm of water for things to hold, and finding the split ends of bamboo that were sharp enough to disembowel a man.

The deluge deafened him, timber banged and bruised him. It was so cold he could hardly keep his hold. He could not get his breath in the spray. Water poured past and over him in one long, icy cascade. He did not know if his brother lived or died, but he kept the child's head above water, and inch by inch he got along. He was deaf—blinded—frozen—drowned. It went on and on.

They slipped, they recovered, they clung and gasped in mortal struggle. Presently the river seemed to lose power. They were through.

AFTER that, Sher Singh did not know what happened. He was wet and ice-cold and not able even to wring out his dhoti. The cloth clung to his loins and chilled him. His nose hurt with the water inside it. He stumbled on. He was walking. Walking. His knees bent and trembled. They gave way. He was crawling. There was a road. There was a better road.

Far away, in another world, there came the yap of pi-dogs heralding a village.

Suddenly, somehow—people. After that, the next he knew they were in a bullock cart, then a truck.

"Where have you come from, boy?"

"Laldwani."

"You carried him *alone*? Across the river in flood?"

They were at the hospital.

Sher Singh always felt shy in a house. He did not go in. But he had no money, so when morning came he went down to the rail yards to get work loading coal. He laboured all day in the noise and he earned a few pence with which to buy a little coarse atta flour and some mustard oil and chillis, and he would cook a meal between three stones. He found a place in the hospital compound where the other relatives were camping. Up till now he had been labouring with all his strength and unable to feel the full force of anxiety, but now it came.

Presently the doctor called for him. He did not send an orderly; he came out himself on to the veranda and he called out.

"Sher Singh Bahadur, are you there?"

"My father is not here," replied the boy, going up to the veranda, and he was ashamed to shake so, and on his face the mark of tears washing the coal dust away. "But I am Sher Singh."

"You are the boy who brought the child Kunwar in from Laldwani?"

"Yes."

Then a smile broke all over the doctor's great gentle face so that he looked like a brown moon.

"Sher Singh *Bahadur*!" he said. "Your brother will live. Come and see." THE END

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"Oh, My Brother!" by Norah Burke is the last of four British entries to the 1954 World Prize Story Contest, for which there is a first prize of 5,000 dollars

Valerie Thomas serves food by flying squad

by DON EVERITT

Her cocktail titbit grew into a three-course business. At midday or midnight, to bachelors, women on diet, or film stars on location, she delivers meals piping hot

ONE MORNING, A WOMAN whose flat lacked a kitchen asked Valerie Thomas —then running a small catering business—to deliver eight four-course dinners to her that evening. Mrs. Thomas, the wife of a Royal Navy lieutenant, took the order without knowing how to fulfil it.

Trying to find a means of carrying the hot dishes safely through the London streets, she remembered that, with the emergency meals service during the air raids on Plymouth, she had cooked and kept meals hot in hay boxes. She used a hay box now.

She lined a large carton with hay, surrounded the plates and casseroles with six cushions, and took the eight meals by taxi to the woman's flat without spilling a drop of soup or cracking a piece of crockery. The customer and her guests praised the meal, and Valerie Thomas, who a month earlier had gone into business arranging cocktail parties "merely to amuse myself," found that she had a promising commercial idea.

"I realized that lots of people in and around London would buy meals delivered to their doorsteps. I decided to try to expand into a mobile catering service." Little more than a year later, the Jane Catering Service, named after one of Valerie Thomas's pet pekinese, prospers today with orders totalling from three hundred to a thousand meals a week.

Meals For Entire Household

Bachelors, elderly spinsters, families moving house, office workers, film location units, magistrates' court officials and an Indian maharanee patronize the service. When one titled Englishwoman stays at her London home, Mrs. Thomas supplies all the meals for the household.

A tall Devonian opportunist of thirty, Valerie Thomas met a variety of teething troubles in her firm's first year. Venturing into bulk buying to economize, she selected a box of lettuces in Covent Garden market. The top layer looked fresh and hearty; but, back at her flat, when she came to use the lettuces she found those underneath old and rotting.

To encourage custom during the first struggling weeks of her business, she had several hundred pamphlets printed advertising the service, and one morning she hired a casual workman to deliver them to houses, flats and offices in the West End. The man returned in the evening, saying he had delivered all the pamphlets, and

Mrs. Thomas packs a meal to be delivered by van. Her thriving business was born when she remembered the mobile canteens of the war days

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

A customer receives her order—kept warm in a hay box—from Valerie Thomas. Mrs. Thomas runs her firm from a restaurant. She is managing director, chief cook and bottle washer

Mrs. Thomas paid him. Next day, as she went shopping, she spotted a soggy pile of papers lying on waste land two streets away from her home. "They were my pamphlets," she says. "I had wasted ten pounds."

Mrs. Thomas bought a second-hand van in which to deliver her meals and recover her crockery and other equipment. "I paid £165 for it and christened it the Rattle Trap." It lived up to its name. Late one morning, Valerie Thomas hurried through North London in the van to deliver ten meals to the officials at a county court. Traffic jams made her a little late.

Pulling sharply away from traffic lights, she heard a clatter, then a thud, behind her. She stopped, and found the rear doors of the van swinging crazily on their hinges and the hay box full of meals lying several feet away in the road. She put the box back in the van and drove on hopefully to the court. When she opened the box, crockery and meals lay there still intact. The van continued to do shaky service until eventually a rear axle half-shaft broke. Mrs. Thomas lost £100 on that deal.

Weathering the early drawbacks, she put all her profits back to work. She still could not progress fast enough and took in outside capital. Now she has moved the business from her flat to more efficient premises, a Kensington restaurant. Her service operates three vans, employs a staff of ten, and part-time waiters and other servants, and caters also for dances, weddings, garden parties and school "bun fights." Mrs. Thomas aims shortly to open branches in Bournemouth, Cheltenham and Cambridge.

She continues to make capital out of opportunities. Not long ago, a plump woman friend asked her to provide weight-reducing meals. The woman said she wanted to leave her own larder empty: she had not the willpower to diet herself. "I hate to say no, or to do a job by halves," says Mrs. Thomas. "I decided to get the girl's weight down scientifically."

With her cook, a trained dietician, Valerie Thomas worked out a course of low-calorie meals. In little over a month, the woman lost twenty-eight pounds. Mrs. Thomas at once offered a special service for the fat, the jaundiced and diabetics: a twenty-eight day slimming diet with one hot and two cold meals delivered daily to the customer's doorstep and four weekly visits from a professional masseuse costs twenty-five guineas.

Managing director, chief cook and bottle washer, Mrs. Thomas often delivers the meals herself. "We've only once spoiled a dish in transit," she says. "We thoughtlessly packed some jellies in a hay box: the hay generated heat, and the jelly ran all over the box. The customer forgave us."

Ice-cream, soups and gravy are carried in a battery of vacuum flasks. Once, pouring out tomato soup in the kitchen of a private house for forty guests at a dinner party, she found herself short of two portions. She hastily searched the kitchen cupboards, and found and heated a tin of tomato soup. No one noticed the deception, and Mrs. Thomas made a deduction on the bill.

Food Orders Were Mixed Up

In distributing several dozen meals to addresses scattered across London, mistakes inevitably occur. One morning, Valerie Thomas delivered four lunches to a flat in Lincoln's Inn Fields. An hour later, the customer telephoned. "The four people had eaten their first course and now wondered when the second would appear. They had been sitting round the table waiting for half an hour. We had forgotten to pack the sweet."

Another time, Mrs. Thomas dispatched a van loaded with twenty meals, then had to spend the whole afternoon answering alternately critical and appreciative telephone callers.

"What do you mean by sending beef when I asked for chicken?" said one. "What a wonderful meal!" said another. "I don't know how you can do a chicken lunch so cheaply." Mrs. Thomas explains: "We mixed the labels on the batch of meals. People who had ordered our two-course meal, which costs five shillings and sixpence, had got the more expensive three-course meals, some of which included chicken and duck."

Film studios give the Jane Catering Service its biggest orders. On location work for films featuring Norman Wisdom, Joan Rice and other performers, Mrs. Thomas has served meals at midnight at St. Paul's Cathedral and at midday in the Middlesex countryside.

In fields outside West Drayton, she recently catered for six hundred stars, extras and technicians. Every day, the operation entailed starting work at 5 a.m., to cook the meals partially before the catering party set off. They finished the cooking on portable gas stoves on the film location site, and arrived back in London at about 7.30 p.m., "in time to start peeling 1,800 potatoes and cutting 1,200 sandwiches for the next day's filming."

She Made Soup In A Dustbin

One day, bad light held up production and cold weather brought the film-makers clamouring for mid-morning bowls of soup. Valerie Thomas hurried into a nearby village, bought a bottle of sherry at the local inn and thirty-six packets of chicken noodle soup from an amazed shopkeeper, and brewed a mammoth broth in a brand-new dustbin.

On another occasion, bad light caused a director to abandon filming for the day, before Valerie Thomas had served her meals. With her three assistants, she packed up the food and equipment and motored slowly homewards. "After a little while, we got hungry. We pulled on to the grass verge, got out the urns and stew pans and big saucepans, and had a picnic —from a meal prepared for several hundred people."

THE END

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CASTLE MINERVA

Continued from page 15

not very well. There was a something else, too. I tried to put a word to it. Was she frightened? No, it wasn't fear. It was something else. A forcing of herself towards something. . . .

She said abruptly: "Thank you again. You've been very kind." Then she turned and began walking away.

I stood there watching her move to the door, then I sat on the pool wall and finished my cigarette. When I stood up to go, my foot hit something on the floor. I bent down and picked it up.

It was a small silver flask, no bigger than a lighter; what used to be called a *vinaigrette*.

I flicked the top open. There was a whisp of scent in the air. I put it in my pocket and went towards the door. It had been in her bag. She couldn't have gone far and I could easily catch her up. I didn't know why, but I was glad that I had an excuse to go after her. I didn't even ask myself whether the thing had been left there to give me just that excuse.

When I got outside, at the top of the steps, I saw her. She was coming back, moving quickly up the rough path by the scaffolding. When she saw me, she hesitated. I raised a hand in signal and she stopped, waiting for me to come down.

I went down towards her and, as I did so, I heard the men on the scaffolding above suddenly shout, a wild, desperate noise, and with it a growing, grating sound. I looked up and I saw the bucket and rope, a great bucket full of plaster that they had been hauling up, and the two of them grabbing at the slipping rope, and then the whole thing out of their control and the bucket plunging downwards straight for her.

I flung myself forward and grabbed the girl, dragging her back into a small recess under the scaffolding. The bucket smashed into the ground a couple of yards from us and the plaster spurted up in a great brown fan. I felt the wet flick of its spray on my hands and neck.

I was pressed against her, my arms around her. Her face was close to mine and I could smell her scent. We picked ourselves up and stood close together while the men shouted and flapped above us like a couple of hoarse crows.

The fear went from her face and she smiled, raising her hand and gently rubbing at a plaster mark on my cheek. In the same moment I kissed her. I don't know what made me do it, but in that instant I was lost. It was a soft, gentle kiss, but it was like no kiss I had ever known.

THE foreman came down and apologized. He and his man fussed around, brushed us, offered wine and cigarettes, told us how it happened and then told each other how it had happened, and then said how good we were to take it so well. Monsieur was English, of course, which explained it, and mademoiselle was *très courageuse*. In the middle of it all, the blue bus came rattling down the hill to the pink hotel and, before I could do anything, she had put her hand in mine, looked at me, and then was running towards it. She swung aboard just as it began to pull out.

She stood on the step and gave me a wave and I waved back, but I made no attempt to follow her. I didn't have to. I knew I wasn't going to lose her. Both of us would come back because the moment when she had been in my arms and our lips had touched carried inevitability with it.

I must have walked back to the villa like a man in his sleep. I didn't know the girl. There was nothing special about her. She talked as though she were just getting over a sore throat and her acting had not fooled me. And yet—and yet . . .

Why had she acted? Why had she dropped her handbag? Something to do with the colonel—or some other ploy of her own? I knew only too well that when one entered the circle at whose centre sat the colonel then an automatic readjustment had to be made in one's assessment of the smallest trivia, the most casual meetings and words. In Drexel's world if a bird sang it was almost bound to be in code. . . .

Was she part of that world? I began to feel confused and irritated.

It was beginning to get dark as I went into the villa grounds. The three dogs came rushing up to eat me, and I stood fast to let them see who I was.

Brindle served dinner and it did something to offset the damp and gloom of the dining-room. He cooked very well.

I finished a bottle of Montrachet with my cheese and then, as the Sèvres clock on the mantelpiece struck nine, Brindle brought in the coffee on a tray. As he set it down, he slipped a crumpled envelope over to me.

"The colonel asked me to give you this, sir."

I picked up the envelope and began to work the flap loose. "And I'll bet he said today and at nine o'clock precisely."

"Yes, sir. Will you have black coffee or white?"

"Black." He knew I took black but he always asked.

WHEN he was gone I pulled one of the table candles towards me and read the note. It was in the colonel's neat renaissance-like script.

> "There is a motor launch in the boat house. Brindle has the key. Within the next four or five days you'll get a telephone call from a man at the British Consulate at Marseilles. If he says 'Go ahead' you will that same evening rendezvous cargo-boat ROI BLEU three miles due east of Cap Cerbère at 2230 hours. Signal three torch flashes, five-second interval between groups. If no message from Consulate, then await my arrival."

I read it through twice and then burned the paper in the candle flame, dropping the ashes into my coffee cup.

Early the next morning, I got the key of the boat-house from Brindle and went to have a look at the launch. It was a beautiful arrangement of mahogany and chromium plating. I took her out, and the song her powerful engine made was specially composed for those in the upper income brackets. She was fast and, although there was only a smooth swell running, I could feel that she would be seaworthy.

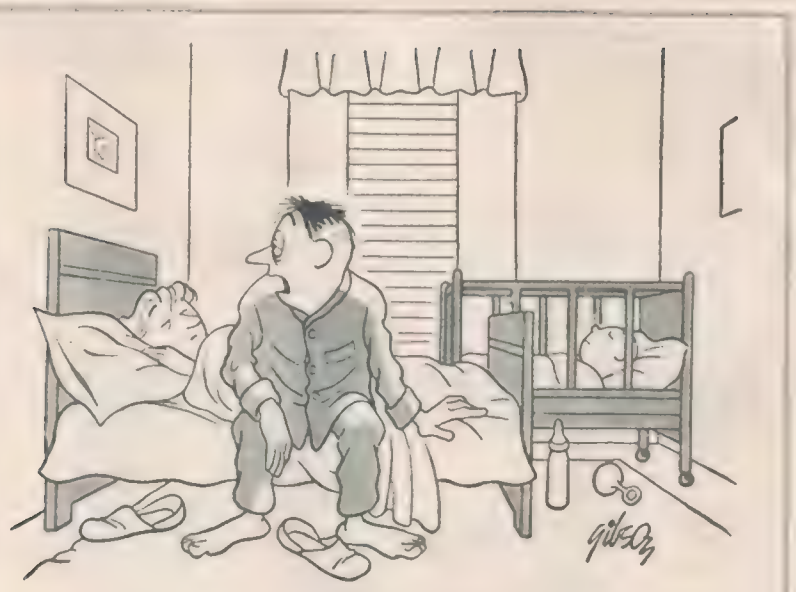
I went down past Banyuls until I could see Cap Cerbère edging out of the low shore mist. Inland, the great sweep of the snow-capped Pyrenees shouldered roughly against a pale blue sky. And now that I had had some word from the colonel I was content to let my curiosity ride. He had left England two weeks before I did, and he might be anywhere.

I came back faster than I had gone out, giving the launch full throttle and singing to myself at the whip of wind and spray in my face. In the boat-house I filled up the tank and then handed the key back to Brindle. He didn't say a word.

Later I walked into Banyuls. In the confusion of the falling plaster bucket I had forgotten to give the girl back her silver flask. I wanted to return it, but more than that I wanted to see her again.

I went and had coffee at a small café called Aux Bons Enfants. It was in the Place Mairie, well back from the dancing platform, and shadowed by three tall plane trees. There were a few green tables and chairs on a strip of concrete outside. A tall three-ply cut-out of a man in chef's clothing, holding in one hand a large fish and in the other a card with a list of sea-food, stood by the door which led into a low bar and dining-room. It was a sad, slightly crumbling place.

After a time my friend of the *espadrilles* found me. He came up cheerfully, carrying his battered brown suitcase, and insisted on showing his wares. He covered the table with coloured rope-soled shoes and chattered away, not trying to force a sale, because he knew in the end he would



"It must be time to get up. The baby's asleep!"

get me. I gave him a cigarette, and he told me that his name was Jean Cagou and that in a couple of seasons he hoped to have enough to open a shop either here or at Port-Vendres, a little farther up the coast. He was about twenty-two, brisk and glossy as an olive-fed starling. He said that if there was anything I wanted in addition to *espadrilles* he could get it for me.

"*N'importe quoi, m'sieur—je peux le trouver.*"

As we talked, a motor-cycle drew up alongside the café. It carried a GB plate. A plumpish, elderly man in a cloth cap and a light raincoat got off it and sat down by the door. The proprietor gathered himself up from his chair and went to take his order. The newcomer was English, but he ordered breakfast in French, a hard, stiff, badly accented French as though each word was being dragged unwillingly from his memory.

Jean Cagou at once gathered up his samples. As I left I could hear his cheerful, excited voice going into its sales talk with the new arrival.

For the next two days I walked into Banyuls, morning and afternoon, hoping to see the girl. But I never did. I saw Jean Cagou and I became quite friendly in a monosyllabic way with the proprietor of the Aux Bons Enfants. The Englishman was there, too, in the mornings having his breakfast. I think he knew that I was English but he never tried to make my acquaintance. The most he ever did was to look up at me as I sat down, stare for a moment, nod, and then turn back to his food. He was a man with a good appetite.

I WENT in on the third day, too. I'd gone half a mile, I suppose, when I heard a motor-horn behind me. I stopped and turned. An old army jeep painted a dark blue, battered and very dusty, drew up alongside me. Sitting in front were two men and behind, alone, was the girl.

The two men looked at me, and while they did not smile, it was clear that they knew about me. She smiled, and I saw her teeth, small and very white, against the warm tan of her skin.

"You are going to Banyuls?" she asked.

I nodded.

She patted the empty seat beside her. "We will take you. I am glad we have found you."

I climbed into the jeep and sat at her side and we went off with a quick spin of the rear wheels that sent a cloud of dust up behind us. It was only a short ride and not more than a dozen words passed between us. I sat there feeling a little embarrassed.

She wore a green summer frock with thin white stripes and her hair was caught back with some kind of clasp behind her head. Her arms and legs were bare and she wore white sandals. I didn't feel she was at ease. Her hands were clasped over one knee and I could see the long fingers moving with a slow restlessness.

We pulled up outside the Café Aux Bons Enfants and sat down at a table. It was then that she introduced me to the two men and I got a good look at them. I don't know whether it was anything to do with my feeling for her, some touch of jealousy starting early, but I didn't like either of them.

ONE was called George Sarrasin. I'm tall and fairly well built, but he made me feel small. He was well over six feet tall and with a body that was all bulk and muscle, hard, but not ungainly. He wore his short, fair hair *en brosse* and he had a large face, deeply and pugnaciously cut, a rough, unfinished face like a sculptor's first block with all the power of the original material still harshly apparent. His voice was slow and heavy and all his movements, though they had grace, showed economy. He was full of strength but, I guessed, never wasted it. He wore a pair of faded blue canvas trousers, a yellow singlet and a loose grey jacket. His shoes were no more than a flat leather sole with a toe-piece and thongs that were tied around his ankle.

He ordered the thick, dark Banyuls wine for us all and, while we waited for it, made a little speech of thanks to me for the service I had rendered Sophie. Sophie Orbais was her name.

I pulled the scent flask from my pocket and handed it across to Sophie. "You left this in the aquarium."

"Ah, yes. I was coming back to look for it when . . . it all happened."

I wondered whether the hesitation and then the three words meant to her what I felt they meant to me.

The wine came, and we drank to each other politely. While Sophie and George and I just sipped at the syrupy wine, the other man, Astar Paviot, finished his glass in one movement and sighed. He was small, mean-looking and seedy, his chin too pointed and the eyes a little red as though they were weary of the weight of the pouchy skin beneath them. He didn't look too clean: a man with a shabby spirit, and nothing immediately wholesome about him except his hands, which were strong and lean, the fingers full of an unexpected grace and beauty, the nails astonishingly well-kept.

The talk didn't flow very easily between us. George Sarrasin complimented me on my French, and Paviot said I reminded him of a British officer he had worked with in the Resistance. I told them that I was staying for a holiday here. But over all I couldn't detect the slightest sign that they had any real interest in me except that I had done Sophie a service. And that, since I was sure she had knocked her handbag over by design, made everything seem odder.

We sat there under the shabby plane

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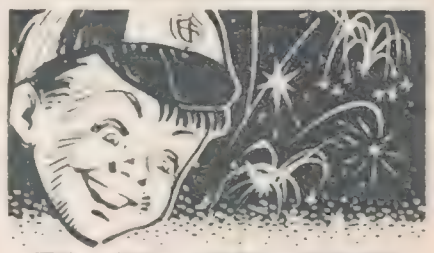

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FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS (or FST)

trees. There was a large circus poster plastered around the trunk of one of them and I could see Jean Cagou, case at his feet, sitting with his back against it. The Englishman, who had been at the café when we arrived, finished his meal and went off on his motor-cycle. And suddenly all conversation died between us.

George Sarrasin stood up, and Paviot immediately rose with him.

"All right, Sophie. See you at four?"

George put his hand on her shoulder and squeezed it and then with a look at me said, "*Au revoir, monsieur.*"

Paviot echoed him, "*Au revoir, monsieur.*"

They walked to the jeep and I was left with Sophie. I saw them gather up some fishing gear from the car and then cross the road and disappear among the beached fishing boats on the pebbles of the little cove below the old town.

I said: "Where are they going?"

She said, watching them, "They take a rowing-boat out to fish. It will be this afternoon before they return."

"What about you?"

"I do not like to fish. Sometimes I have been sick, even when there is no sea."

"They just leave you to amuse yourself?"

"Generally. I go for a walk. I read." And then, unexpectedly, she turned and smiled at me and said: "You sound a little angry about it. Don't be. I prefer not to go." And the smile was the warm, natural smile that she had given me under the scaffolding. It was as though the moment they had gone some new life, new personality had come back to her.

I said bluntly: "Who are they?"

"They are my friends . . . good friends. We are at Argelès for a holiday but they prefer the fishing here."

Argelès-sur-Mer was a resort about halfway between Banyuls and Perpignan.

We spent the rest of the day until four o'clock together. We didn't talk a great deal. She was one of those comfortable people whose silences are happy and restful, and, for myself, I was glad just to be with her. We bought ourselves a bottle of cheap Roussillon wine, a length of salami and a loaf and walked down past the Arago Aquarium and then up the twisting road towards Cerbère.

After a time we went down across a barren cliff-head, close carpeted with thyme, marjoram and silvery-leaved rock roses, to a steeply enclosed cove. We found a flat rock above a deep pool of jade and turquoise water and sat there. If you'd taken each moment of the afternoon apart and examined it there would have been nothing special about it, but altogether it was like no afternoon I had ever spent.

After lunch the wine made me drowsy and quite unashamedly I went to sleep. I think she did, too. When I woke up, she was sitting close to me, looking down at me. I blinked my eyes to cut down the sun glare. She smiled at me and her eyes were deeper and darker than ever. I put up a hand, and she took it. I heard myself saying: "When I stood by you in the aquarium do you know what you made me think about?"

She shook her head and the sun, through her loose hair, was broken into a thousand bright points of light.

"A fairy story. You were the princess waiting for the carp."

She didn't answer at once. She looked down at me and I felt her fingers escape from mine and then touch the back of my hand and finally close softly around my wrist. And then she said: "You are a very kind man, aren't you? A very good man?"

It was said simply, almost childishly.

I was embarrassed and I laughed and then seeing the watch on my wrist, I said: "Hallo, it's nearly four. We must be getting back to your friends."

She changed at once, and I wished to blazes that I hadn't said it. With a few words I'd brought her back into another world and it wasn't a world she liked.

We walked into Banyuls and George Sarrasin and Paviot were waiting by the jeep. I refused a lift from them. I made no arrangements to meet her again, but as they drove off she half-turned in her seat and waved to me and I knew she would be back. I walked along the cliffs to the villa, remembering the change which had come over her face.

I was having a drink before dinner when the telephone went. It was from Marseilles, giving me the go-ahead to rendezvous the Roi Bleu that evening.

It was nine o'clock when I went into the kitchen and got the boat-house key from Brindle. He was drinking cocoa and listening to the B.B.C. As he gave me the key he also handed over a small, silver-plated flask.

"What's this?"

"Whisky, sir. Just in case you have to wait longer than you think."

It was a mark of affection. It also proved that he still knew more than I did of this business. I had an idea that Drexel probably told Brindle everything. The man was a drawer into which he stuffed all his secrets for safe keeping.

I went out into the garden and stood there for a moment while the dogs came up and inspected me. It was a warm, close night with little wind and I felt hot in the sweater I had pulled on. The dogs followed me down to the

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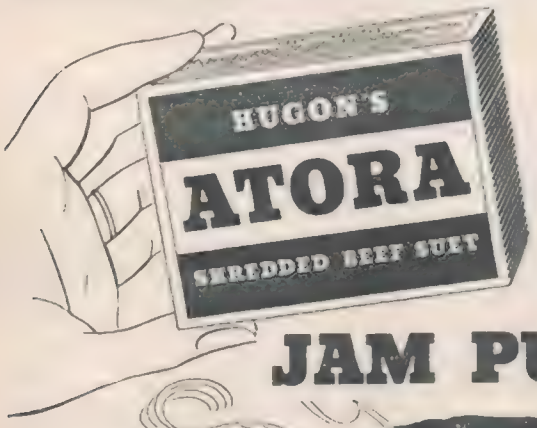

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"But you said it was bath time!"

boat-house and the bitch whined a little as I went aboard. I think she was getting fond of me.

I took the launch out, the engine throttled down so that it made only a gentle bubbling sound, and kept the lubber line of the compass running due east and west. I had worked out that if I made five miles due easting and then turned south and ran down ten miles I should be in the position the colonel wanted me. Fifteen miles and well over an hour to do it was easy for the launch. When I made my rendezvous I should be outside the international limit and practically dead opposite the Spanish-French border.

The only light I allowed myself was from the panel board, so that I could check the patent log and compass. There was a fair bit of smuggling along this piece of coast and there might be a Customs patrol boat about. I didn't want to attract attention.

The night was like rotten velvet, a soft, unresisting fabric which fell away before the sharp bows of the launch. Away on the starboard side, down towards Banyuls, I could see the little red navigation light that stood on a tripod in the middle of the bay. There were other lights, too: a firefly cluster where the Banyuls fishing-boats were making out to sea, acetylene lamps flaring at their bows, and a light from the rocky point by the Arago Aquarium. And all along the coast there were the bead-strung lights of the various towns and then the scattered sharp points from individual houses and farms on the hills behind.

I MADE the rendezvous by a quarter past ten. I set the wheel so that the launch just eased around in a slow, gigantic circle. At half-past ten I began to work the torch, keeping the flashes seawards. Three flashes and then a five-second interval. Each flash made a little gold shaft across the velvet and the monotony of counting the seconds made me a little drowsy.

I thought about a lot of things while I circled round, leaving just enough of my attention on the job, and the rest of me wandering about. I thought about the colonel, about Sophie, about my future. And then my thoughts were broken up by the distant thud of a boat's screws.

Chump, chump, chump it came across the water, like the muffled beating of a hand on a door. A green navigation light swayed low down away on my port side and then, faintly below it, came an answering flash to my torch.

I headed the launch towards the light. After a time, almost over my head, a deck floodlight came on and the high, clumsy bows of a tramp steamer rose sheer before me. I swept down past her, turned and came up again under the stern. It dipped and rolled and I saw the words "ROI BLEU —MARSEILLE."

As I came alongside and threw out a couple of fenders, a rope ladder was dropped from the deck and lay banging and swinging against the rusty plates. A rope came down, hitting the foredeck with a smack, and I made it fast. Voices shouted above and in the dim light I saw faces peering down.

A slight figure in a raincoat and beret came down the ladder and jumped past me into the launch. Then I saw Colonel Drexel. He came down the ladder rather slowly, dressed in an old army greatcoat and wearing a white cloth cap. I noticed that his left hand was bandaged.

He dropped at my side, put his arm round my shoulder and grinned.

"David."

That was all he said. But it was enough. The word and the touch and everything that meant anything between us wrapped up in them. His breath smelled of whisky, a strong masculine smell that fitted the night and the movement of the boats and the massed faces peering down. Someone shouted and two pigskin cases were lowered. Drexel took them and passed them astern to our other passenger. I cast off the rope.

The deck flood went off and in the darkness a heavy voice called down: *"Au revoir, Colonel. Nous finisserons la bouteille un autre jour."*

"Au revoir, Didi," Drexel called up.

And then as I swung the launch away into the darkness the heavy voice came faintly across to us—*"Bonne chance. . . ."*

I said to the colonel: "Speed, or gently does it?"

"Speed."

I opened the launch up and she tore through the velvet with an angry ripping sound and behind us a great curve of phosphorescent wake flared against the darkness.

Drexel ducked behind the windshield and lit himself a cigarette and, as he came up, he shouted against the wind:

"Everything all right at the villa?"

"Yes. What's the matter with your hand?"

"Just a graze. Messy but not serious."

"Anyone seen it?"

"Yes. In Cairo. It's all right."

I glanced back. "Who's our

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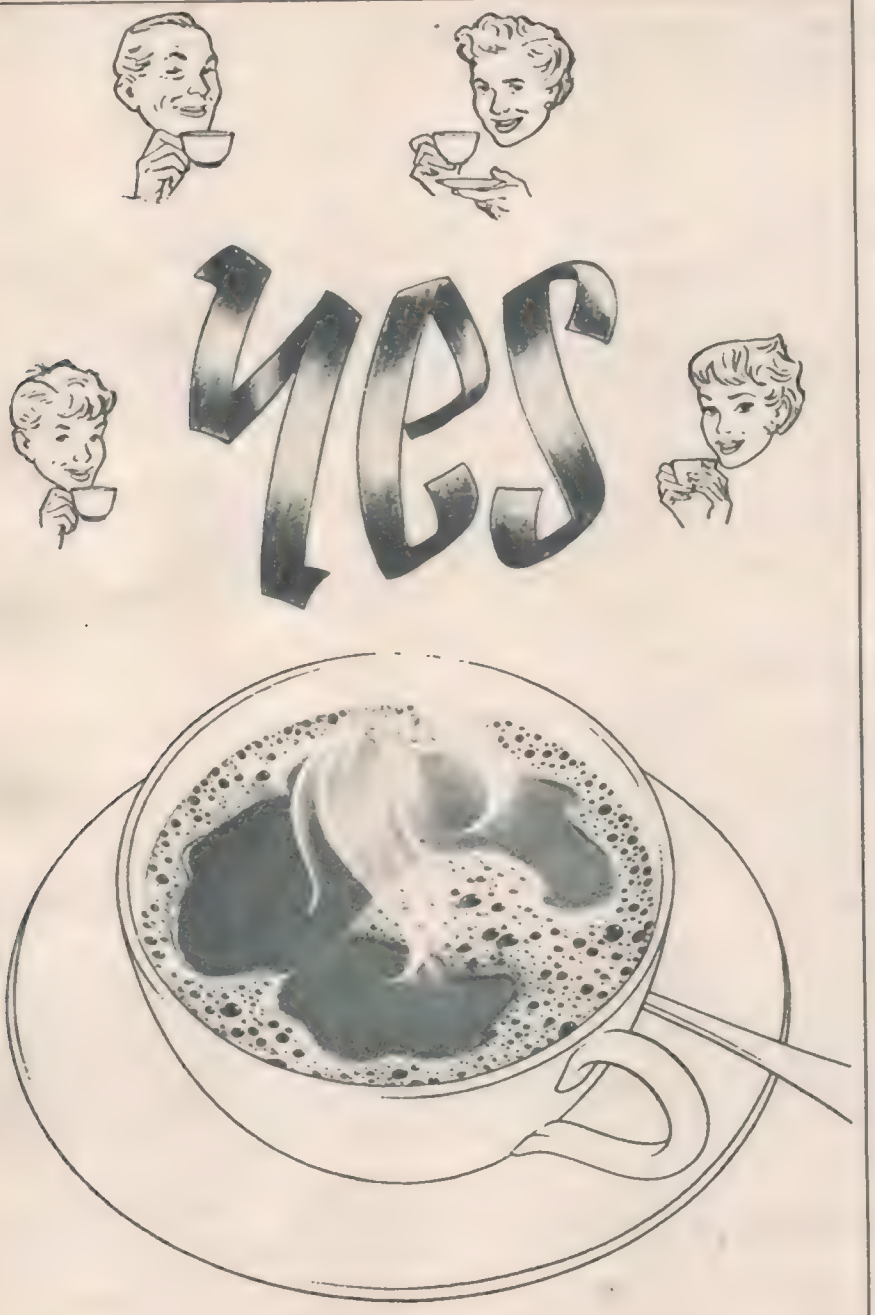

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friend?" I shouted through the wind and spray.

"Later. Let's get home. Can't talk now."

We were about halfway back when I heard the sound of a mouth organ behind me. I turned. Our passenger had moved up closer in the well of the launch and was playing gently to himself. He looked up and smiled at me over the instrument. I saw his face touched by the light from the dash panel. Anyway, I knew now what language I was supposed to speak. A young face, dark-skinned, a hawk-like nose, high cheekbones and deep-set, steady eyes.

The colonel, seeing me turn, shouted: "Know him?"

"No."

"Should do. You went to his father's funeral."

I began to have an idea then, but I still wasn't sure. No more was said, but our friend played dance music softly all the way in.

Brindle was waiting at the boat-house for us. He took the cases. I stayed to lock up the launch and when I got up to the house, past the dogs who were barking themselves crazy over the newcomers, there was no one about. I went into the stuffy, uncomfortable lounge and poured myself a whisky. The colonel joined me after a while and got a drink for himself. As he turned back to me he tossed a key across.

"Here."

I caught it.

"It's the key of his bedroom—next to yours. I've got a key as well. He's locked in at night and during the day one of us must always have an eye on him."

"Is he likely to give us the slip?" I asked.

"No. But other people would like to get their hands on him."

I sat down, took a drink and waited. I knew he was going to enjoy this moment and I had no wish to spoil it for him. A walled villa, dogs loose at nights, keys, a wounded hand . . . it was all in the Drexel tradition; cloak and dagger stuff for most people, but for Drexel I knew it would make sense, hard common sense.

The colonel, relaxed now, rubbing one thumb over the curve of his whisky glass, said: "Remember Saraj?"

"I do."

THE room was suddenly full of hot, strong smells, of bright sunlight on a dusty square noisy with Arabs crowding around stalls, and I saw a great grey plug of a harbour fort at the entrance to a blue-water bay and the shark-fin sails of dhows beating in from the sea. Saraj was the seaport capital of Ramaut, a small, independent Arab state on the Trucial coast where the Persian Gulf met the Indian Ocean. The colonel and I had spent six months there as members of a British mission during the war, an interesting but uncomfortable time. It was there that I had improved my knowledge of the Arab language. I had an easy, almost glib talent for picking up languages which impressed people.

"Have you been keeping your finger on Arab politics?"

"A little." I knew the funeral he meant now, and went on: "This is one of the sons of King Akhdar who was assassinated just before we reached Saraj?"

"The elder son. Prince Jabal Akhdar. He's not quite sixteen. The only other brother is nearly fifteen. Until Jabal is eighteen the state is being run by a regent."

"I remember him. Sheik Ahmed ben Fa'id. A first-class louse." It had been one of those goodwill missions dictated by strategy. Saraj would have made a good refuelling point for the German raiders in the Indian Ocean and that was the way Sheik Ahmed ben Fa'id saw it until we arrived and Drexel got to work on him. Even then goodwill had not prevailed until we had a destroyer in Saraj Bay.

"A louse, but a clever one. When Jabal's eighteen he can take over the country. That's the constitution. But when he's sixteen, then by tribal law he's no longer a minor. He becomes head of the family. It's a nice distinction—and an important one for a lot of people."

"When is he sixteen?"

"At the end of this month. That's why Ahmed ben Fa'id didn't want him to go back to school. He wanted him in the country at that date."

"Why?"

"Because he wanted to make sure that Jabal, as head of the family, didn't sign an important document. As long as he had his hands on Jabal he was safe."

"And Jabal?"

"He wanted to come back to school. He wants also to sign the paper. But he knew what would happen to him if he stayed there and tried to sign it. The boy's got his head screwed on. He has an idea who was behind the assassination of his father. It could happen to him. That would have left his brother—who is entirely under the influence of the regent—to become head of the family in a year. His brother would have refused to sign the paper."

IT was not hard to understand. It was the kind of situation that was fairly common in most of the Arab states from time to time. But I wasn't deluding myself that Drexel and the Foreign Office were breaking their hearts over the injustice and savagery. Any reason they had for interference would have a cash or military answer. Goodwill, protection, spheres of influence . . . nice phrases with no altruism behind them.

I said: "What is it? Oil?"

Drexel finished his whisky, and as he levered himself up to go and refill his glass, he said: "Yes. The original concession was granted by the Akhdar family in 1933 for twenty-one years. It's purely a family affair. Nothing to do with the State, though the whole population of Ramaut lives by it. Just the same as in many of the other Trucial states. The concession is due for renewal next month. Jabal wants to renew it. Sheikh Ahmed ben Fa'id thinks otherwise. He feels he could shovel more money into his own pocket if he had nationalization. Not that he isn't doing pretty well for himself as it is."

"Who's got the concession?"

"Anglo-Media."

"And you've got Jabal?"

"Sure. I've put up with that damned mouth-organ for over a week."

I looked at Drexel's bandaged hand. "Was it an Ahmed ben Fa'id bullet that mucked up your hand?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Always some little thing goes wrong."

Something about the way he said this marked an uneasiness in him. Instead of sitting down he began to move around the room, restless, touching a piece of furniture, an ornament. He was worried and I saw no reason why he should be at this stage.

"What about the government, the Foreign Office? They're behind you, aren't they?" I said it with some idea of easing the strain in him, but it had the opposite effect. He swung round and the lean, lined face was full of contempt.

"At the moment they know nothing—officially—about it. You've no idea how it goes, David. Sometimes I feel absolutely played out by this kind of thing. . . ." It was almost a cry and it went straight to my heart because it was so unlike him, revealed that in him which until now I had never suspected was there.

There is a weakness in us all which time and trial slowly weathers free of our surrounding strength, the bare, crumbling rock that comes up through the turf as the years wash away the top-soil. I think he caught something of my feeling, my shock, for he went on quickly, angry now rather than pathetic: "I've no official standing. Nothing in writing. No firm promises. Just hints, hints, hints and everyone knows damned well what is meant, and everyone knows damned well that the last thing any Whitehall joker is going to do is to commit himself officially until it's absolutely safe. I'm the

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the details below, can you provide each woman with her potted biography—and her name? The answers are on page 42.

BORN:
- A. Fifty-six years ago in Norfolk, !daughter of a well-known sailor.
- B. Fifty-nine years ago at Worth, Sussex, an engineer's daughter.

FIRST JOB:
- C. Chalking slogans on pavements.
- D. Serving with the V.A.D. in France.

HAS SAID:
- E. "I like cooking—if it's something I can eat afterwards."
- F. "It's time parents stopped training their daughters as typists when some would be happier in overalls."

FAMOUS AS:
- G. Britain's Lady Dynamo.
- H. The mother of a musical peer.

---

game-cock that's shoved into the ring."

"But they know you've whipped this boy out of Saraj so that he can sign the concession in London?"

"Yes. The cipher people should be decoding the message about now. But the point is that if anything went wrong while I was about it—then it would be my responsibility. I'd be just a common kidnapper. But once here—then they take over. Prince Jabal is in France on his way back to school."

"You've got no worry then. You're here."

"Oh, the innocence of the man! It'll take 'em at least four or five days to take over."

"I see. I suppose they'll want to get the regent's reaction first?"

"He's no fool. He'll see right through the scheme, but he'll fall in with the diplomatic game. Or pretend to. But he'll start thinking and acting. That's why until the F.O. boys take it up officially we have to keep Jabal's presence here a secret."

"I don't see that anything could go wrong. And, anyway, the government and the oil company are going to be very grateful to you."

DREXEL laughed. "The gratitude of governments has never kept down the size of my overdraft. As for the oil company, they think I'm a public servant. I save them thousands and maybe they'll send me a couple of cases of whisky at Christmas. And later on I shall have to fight like hell to get expenses from the Treasury. Hire of a launch, they'll say. Why not swim? Watchdogs? What is all this? Five hundred for this Fraser chap? Really, couldn't you have got him for two? Termites, that's what they are."

There was a silence between us for a while. If we'd still been in the army, if I'd still been under discipline, a captain who just took orders, I don't think he would have shown himself to me so clearly. But things were different now. I was hired by him, it was true, but the real bond between us was friendship and perhaps a touch of reverence on my side. And because of that he could let himself go, knowing that anything spoken in this room would never be uttered outside.

I sat there and I was angry for his sake, bitter against the strain in the man, resenting the dark moments he had to live through.

I could imagine what had gone on in Saraj, imagine the patient organization that had gone to getting Jabal out: the plane in the desert, the dhow in the Red Sea, the long, hot camel marches, and then the quick, furtive move into Cairo and so on to the Roi Bleu . . . and Drexel was nearly sixty.

I said impulsively: "Why the hell do you go on doing this kind of thing?"

"Why? Because there's nothing else."

"You could retire. Raise chickens."

"On what I've saved?" He laughed suddenly and sat down and I could see that his mood had changed swiftly. He was back with himself. "No, no, David. You know why I do it, and I know. I suppose I like it. But I do wish these clots in Whitehall had some idea of what it means."

I said, glad that he was over the peak of resentment: "Why couldn't they handle it differently? If Jabal wants to sign the concession and the regent has shown he would go to the lengths of killing him to stop it, then why the devil doesn't the government step in and kick the regent out of Saraj?"

HE roared with laughter. "David, you're preposterous! This isn't the war of 1901. The Persian Gulf's no longer a British lake. Trouble? Send a cruiser and a detachment of marines? I wish they would. But the new diplomacy doesn't know how to handle people like ben Fa'id. Interfere openly in the affairs of an independent state that owes everything it has to British capital? Protect our own interests by open force?"

"Well, if I were ben Fa'id I'd scream through the press that Jabal had been kidnapped."

"He won't do that. He's much too clever."

"Why won't he?"

"Because if he admitted Jabal had been kidnapped from Saraj, it would be admitting that Jabal wasn't safe there. He doesn't want anything out in the open. Least of all does he want to show his hand over this oil business. There's quite an opposition party out there . . . you might call it a Jabal party."

"They helped you to get the boy out?"

"Of course. But that's all we need from them. In time the oil concession will be renewed in London and Jabal will go back as ruler. We don't want to start a civil war out there. Neither does ben Fa'id. That's why he will pretend the prince is on his way back to school and make no mention of kidnapping."

"But that won't mean he's given up."

"Not on your life. He'll do all he can to get hold of Jabal before he gets a chance to renew the oil concession. That's why you and I have to move carefully. If we lose Jabal now—we'll never get him back."

"Well, what's your next move?"

"Have another whisky and then go to bed. Tomorrow I shall drive to Marseilles and get things moving through the British Consulate. They've been briefed. They'll pretend they haven't and within twenty-four hours we shall have Johnson down here."

"Who's Johnson?"

"A Foreign Office tick who goes under that name. He envies me my exciting life and has a bank balance that's always in the black. Lucky man."

He had the whisky and went to bed. I sat there for a while after he had gone, tingling with the strange world of intrigue Drexel had brought with him. Drexel could always raise this feeling in me, but this time there was a difference. Drexel himself had changed; something of his command, of his authority, had slipped. Age and strain, perhaps. Whatever it was, I had the sudden feeling that I would be handling quite a lot of this affair.

To be continued next week

Marriage

Stewart - Adams

HAPPY IS THE BRIDE . . .

The wedding of Mr. John Stewart of Burley Place, Raines and Miss Elizabeth Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Adams of Grompton Close, Shefton, took place at Bornford Parish Church on Saturday. The bride wore a dress of figured white silk with a squared neckline and flared skirt. She had a flowered head-dress with short veil and carried a bouquet of white roses. As the couple left the church, laughing friends showered confetti over them, and the sun came through the clouds to make its first appearance of the day.

Among the guests at the reception were the bride's two sisters who h[illegible]lled from

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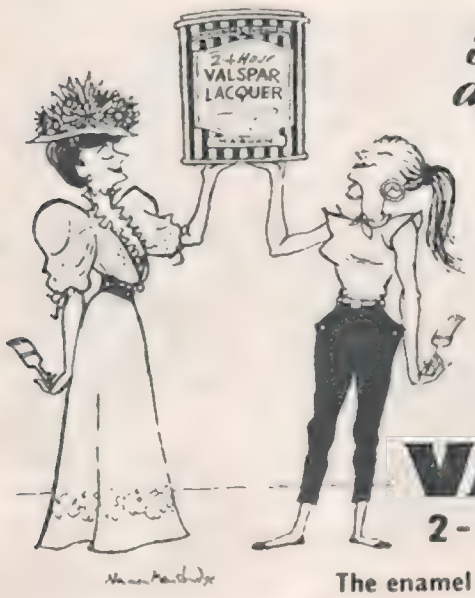

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THE ATONEMENT OF LAURA HAZARD

Continued from page 19

retreating grass's progress against the dark.

They stayed till daybreak in the bunker. Joe's right arm was helpless, but otherwise he was no worse. One of their horses was dead, shot during the firelit exchange. The desert was black as far as they could see it, and no grass smouldered. It could be ridden over. Matthew gave orders that they would both mount his horse. At a rapid walk, they crossed into the burned-out grass. They came upon two dead and blackened bodies, at which they hardly paused, but rode on for the place where they had last seen the Chiricahua train. Joe was sure that, having been observed, the migrant Indians would return to Mexico. It was important to verify this.

They rode without hurry and by midmorning were across the black grass and into the bare, pink desert. There, from afar, they saw what seemed to be a camp. They halted to look. Bright scraps of cloth, there, against dark clumps of mesquite—yes, there were people, many people. But why did they not move? No one walked about in that camp under the sun. Suddenly Joe struck his breast with his left fist, to signify his understanding, and then motioned southward to indicate many Chiricahua returning to Mexico.

"Then who are these, over there?" asked Matt.

Joe replied with gestures, *Indians*, and motioned, *Forward*.

"Forward?" said Matt. "Are you crazy? We're in no shape for a fight."

Yes, insisted Joe, *yes, it was safe, he would see. Forward!*

They rode on. Presently they heard dogs barking and they saw to whom the dogs belonged.

They were all old men and women, motionless on the ground. They were motionless because they were tied to mesquite bushes and left to die along with their dogs, who also were tied. Matthew stared, frowning, aghast at the spectacle, while Joe explained that when the Apache had to retreat in a hurry, he abandoned his old people this way; for otherwise, travelling on foot, like all but the warriors, they would have slowed down the march.

Matt looked at the sun and the distance and the motley collection of old people, who gazed back at him out of their filthy wrinkles. He dismounted and cut their bonds. He pointed south and urged them to travel after their sons and daughters.

He could do no more, and he and Joe rode on. Presently, Joe Dummy pointed to the ground ahead—there were plenty of signs that the warrior band was retreating towards Mexico.

It was time, and it was safe, to turn towards Fort Delivery with this news.

Two nights afterwards, at about ten o'clock, they saw the lights of Fort Delivery shining over the desert. Matthew, with a pounding in his breast, wondered why there were so many burning so late, and said "Laura" to her silently in his mind in case she were suffering or in danger.

Behind him, on the horse's rump, Joe made a tense little motion, pointing. Off in the moon-washed night was a figure on a horse, riding cautiously towards them. Matt halted and took his revolver in hand, and waited. The horse ambled forward at a peaceful jog, and its rider presently said in a mild voice, "Matt?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Matthew. It was the commander of the fort, Major Prescott.

"Well, come on then," said Prescott, wheeling and walking his horse rapidly towards the main gate.

Matthew wondered anxiously why Major Hiram Hyde Prescott was abroad.

"How is Laura? Any news yet?" he asked.

"Any minute now. Captain and Mrs. Gray are with her, and so is Jessica."

"You mean it began tonight?"

"Just before supper. What's wrong with that Joe there, behind you?"

Matthew told him about the skirmish with the Indians.

"Too bad your orders read not to get in a fight. I'll have to report that you did," Major Prescott said. "And I shouldn't be surprised if some rancher filed a claim against the government for getting his pasture burned out."

His voice grew comically bitter. He aped the Washington construction that could so easily be placed upon perilous acts of frontier duty. "Picking fights with innocent Indians," he mocked, "and running around setting fire to valuable grazing lands, and consigning destitute old men and women to cross the desert without providing for their nourishment and care. . . . Well Matt, I'll testify for you. Both of you did a job."

They answered the sentry's challenge and rode into the fort. Lights burned in the commanding officer's quarters, and in the house ne[ar] to it, the home of the post surgeon, [Cap]tain Gray.

Matthew tapped at the door of Captain Gray's front room. Mrs. Prescott opened it to them. Beyond her Matthew saw a pool of lamplight and high wings of shadow on the whitewashed wall, and Captain Gray bending close to the bed, and the delicate, white-haired Mrs. Gray opposite him—and between them a lost face, older, younger, than the beautiful face he knew, turning from side to side on a pillow in some fierce preoccupation that excluded all but the tremendous task of giving life.

She looked so frail, and her commitment was so shaking that Matthew said to himself, *She will die*, and with a look of mortal terror he implored Jessica Prescott to save Laura.

Jessica said with the abrupt kindliness he knew in her: "Don't come in; she wouldn't know you. It can't be long. Just wait. We're so glad you are home."

She shut the door and left her husband and Matthew in the dark little hall that showed at both ends the open air. Matthew saw that Joe Dummy was sitting waiting on the front stoop.

Matthew walked up and down, forgetful of his weariness; and suddenly his troubled waverings of mind were interrupted. A thin, gasping cry came from beyond the door, then stopped, then tried again, then gained in its tiny power, and established a hasty, regulated rate.

"Well," said Major Prescott, "it's all over. That's your baby."

A wild gratitude swept through Matthew. It was like some unimaginable sweetness of the senses. The door opened; Jessica beckoned. He went in.

Laura was heavily drowsy. She saw him, smiled as she shaped his name with her white lips, and fell asleep. Captain Gray, the doctor, nodded to his wife, who was holding the baby.

"A little boy," he said quietly and, after a moment, gestured with his head for Matt to leave.

"Yes," whispered Matt, "but as soon as you can, please examine my scout. He's waiting outside."

Jessica took him to the door. "Go on over to our place," she said. "I'll be along when everything is quiet."

Outside, a small crowd had gathered; they were the women from Soapsuds Row, the soldiers' wives who did the post laundry. They came for news of life in the desert, that was like water in the wilderness. As Matt left, he could hear the commander's lady giving them word in vivid, if brisk, detail. . . .

"The army," said Major Prescott, pouring still another drink of whisky for himself and Matthew in his headquarters office later in the night, "the army has a peculiar nervous system. It always reacts to stimulus. Now I wonder what is behind this transfer of

WHO'S WHO?

B C F G are the clues on page 41 which help to identify the woman on the left as Dame Caroline Haslett, vice-president of the British Electrical Development Association.

A D E H identify the woman on the right as the Princess Royal.

"There's a father here to see his baby—is there one awake?"

Captain Gray to Fort Union, New Mexico. Mean anything to you?"

He hung his head towards Matthew to see if Matthew was drunk enough to comprehend. It was his determination to see that Matthew got drunk tonight, under his rules. No officer of Troop F, Sixth United States Cavalry was ever going to turn down a drink—or ever show any outward effect of it.

"They need a post surgeon, I suppose, sir," said Matthew. "When does Gray go?"

"Will proceed earliest practicable date," quoted the major. He took a brooding pull at his heavy moustaches. "Then what? I'll tell you. The army just abandons F Troop without medical care, here at the most advanced regular post in the West."

Matthew said nothing and Prescott asked himself cloudily whether Lieutenant Hazard was drunk. The young man's lips were moving soundlessly.

Abruptly, Matthew said: "I'll tell *you* something, sir."

"Yes, *sir*?" asked Major Prescott, in a burlesque of respectfulness.

"I've just been trying out the name. With your permission, I'm going to call him Prescott Hazard."

The major stared at Matthew with a shiny blur over his eyes. After a long, breathy silence, he said, inarticulate with happiness: "Oh, thunder!" and held out his empty glass.

Matthew was in the act of filling it when the office door opened and Jessica Prescott came in. She saw at once the state of affairs, and, ignoring her husband, said to Matthew with deadly pleasantness: "I see my husband, who has never had too much to drink in his life, has set out to get you drunk."

"Jess," declared the major, "how's that new baby boy of mine?"

"Yours?" she asked.

"Ours, damn it! His name is Prescott Hazard."

Mrs. Prescott was made breathless with pleasure. "Oh, Matt. How sweet of you. They're fine. Both asleep. I think we all need sleep."

"Oh, no, you don't," said Hiram Hyde. "You mean that for me. You let *him* alone," waving at Matt. "All right, I'll go. Good night, my boy. Think you can make it to your quarters?"

"Don't know, sir," said Matthew loyally, and Jessica nodded at him for his sober tact.

The last thing he heard as he went out into the moonlight was the voice of his commander, raised in glad song:

"Put my little shoes away,
I'm going nowhere, dear.
The time has come when I must stay,
You'll always have me near."

Ten days later the desert was at its worst. Everyone at Fort Delivery longed for spring. Now the wind blew and carried cutting dust. It was still cold. Animals stood together for comfort, and so did men and women. Laura fought her way against the wind from her quarters to the Prescotts'. It was only a distance of about three hundred feet, but the journey left her trembling weakly by Jessica's stove.

"Yes, what a day!" said Jessica to dispose of the obvious. "The poor Grays, setting off in it this morning. Did you see them go?"

"No, but Mrs. Gray brought me a present and said goodbye."

"Maud Gray is a little tower of strength. What'd she give you?"

"Some calico. Said she'd carried it around for years, from Fort Porter to Jefferson Barracks to Leavenworth and here, and she refuses to take it another inch. It's pretty."

"Show it to me."

"I'll bring it next time." She glanced in the direction of her quarters. "I've never left the baby before. He's sleeping. I was lonesome. I can only stay a minute."

"He'll manage all right," remarked Jessica, somehow suggesting that even infants must learn to dominate experience. "How's your life these days?" she asked, as though they did not meet daily.

"Wonderful, with the baby and Matthew," replied Laura, and then scowled quickly. "But oh, that Joe Dummy!"

"Yes," Jessica said. "If you're downwind from him, it is trying."

SHE could not help smiling as she thought of Joe Dummy. He was of middle height, looking twice as old as he really was, and he moved on his moccasin pads like a wary bobcat. The resemblance was helped by tufts of whisker-fur that grew out from the corners of his mouth. Around his head was the distinctive red band of the Cavalry's Apache scouts; it was thick with grease. His hands and face were cured with dirt into substance other than flesh. He wore a cotton shirt, a vest and striped trousers, so heavy and soft with dirt that they glided over his joints and muscle like accommodating membranes.

"He is always underfoot," Laura said bitterly. "He dogs Matthew. I can hardly ever see Matthew alone any more. Joe is so dirty I can't bear him near the house on account of the baby. When I scold about it, Matt just says no women could understand, men don't mind the things that bother women, especially if the men have fought through danger together. Matt said he saved Joe's life, and Joe thinks he belongs to Matt for it. I can't stand it. I don't see why *my* life has to be ruined by it. Living here is hard enough without that dreadful creature squatting on our doorstep."

"Well, my dear, perhaps you are forgetting why we are *all* here. Your husband will do his work all the better for having Joe Dummy so close to him. It has taken *me* thirty years, but I do know at last that when you marry into the army, you marry all of it."

She smiled, but Laura did not respond. "I really must run along and see if the baby is all right."

"Run right back and bring your calico. I'll have some tea ready. Wrap

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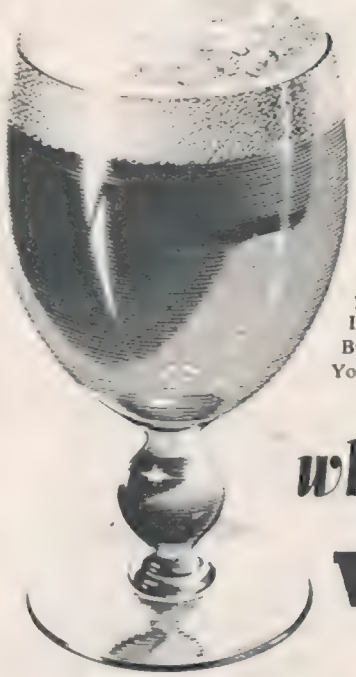

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the baby up warmly and bring him, too. We'll have a party."

"Oh, in this wind? He'd catch his death."

Jessica, who had married off two children, sighed at the young mother, let her go and set about making tea. She heard the boots of her husband and someone else come up the porch and go into the office across the hall, so she added enough tea for everyone.

The wind shrieked past. It imitated the oddest sounds, a woman calling and sobbing—or did someone just now run up on the porch in distress? Jessica started forward as the door blew open in front of Laura, who was crying hysterically. The baby was in her arms.

"Laura, my dear, what is it?"

Laura could not speak. She went to kneel on the floor before the stove, hugged the baby and sobbed in anguish. Jessica left the room, crossed to the office and looked for Matt. He was there with her husband. She brought him with a commanding word.

"Laura!" Matthew said, embracing her and the baby. "What is it?" But it was minutes before she could tell, and when she did, Matthew pressed his lips together, shook his head and swallowed his regret and impatience.

". . . and when I started home," Laura gasped, "that filthy Joe Dummy was outside, holding the baby in nothing but his little gown, and lifting him high, then down low, and then pointing him four different ways"—Matthew recognized the sacred directions of life to which Joe thus offered the baby—"and then he took some stuff out of his belt and spread it over the baby, and then he took a dirty little stick and made signs with it, and then he took up some dust off the ground and rubbed it on Prescott's little cheeks. And all this time I was running, it was a nightmare. I never seemed to get there, to take my darling baby out of that horrible smelly creature's arms. . . ."

She broke down beyond speech, sobbing in deep shudders, as Hiram Hyde came in from the office.

"Ho-ho, where's my baby?" he roared, to cheer everybody up.

Laura hugged little Prescott closer, and cried: "Either that Joe Dummy goes, or I go!"

The issue was now an administrative one, and the commanding officer raised his eyebrows at Matthew.

"Sir," said Matthew, "Joe Dummy was only trying to bless the baby and dedicate him the way they do, and pray over him. Laura caught him at it, and it upset her. He was probably doing it for my sake."

"Upset her!" echoed Laura, aghast at his reasonable tone.

Jessica brought the tea tray. "This cures everything," she said. But the men didn't want any, and returned to the office to think over their problem.

Major Prescott finally said: "Of course it's all nonsense, but you know how touchy these Indians are, especially the indispensable ones. I leave it to you to manage it, but one thing is sure: nothing, absolutely nothing, is to cause us to lose Joe Dummy. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Matthew confidently, unable to imagine there would be any consequences of the episode.

He was wrong. At midnight Laura awakened him. The baby was in trouble, and she was frightened into silence. She held the child. They heard his breathing that went so fast and sounded like a little wet whistle. His eyes seemed without sight of the real world. He was in a high fever.

Laura and Matt gazed at each other. This was probably pneumonia, a result of today's exposure in the bitter wind. The post surgeon and his wife were a day's journey out in the desert. . . .

Matthew climbed from bed, put on some clothes, and, with Laura, did what he could for the baby throughout the rest of the night—cool cloths, steam to inhale, the comfort of being held. The wind fell towards dawn, but after sunrise it came up again.

"I can't do anything," said Laura wanly. She was exhausted.

"Let me see if Mrs. Prescott will relieve you for a little while," said Matthew. He put his lips to her brow for a moment and then left the house.

OUTSIDE his door he found Joe Dummy squatting with his back to the stinging wind. Matthew had a sharp stab of anger at the combination of devotion and ignorance that had made misery inside the house, but when he spoke to Joe, it was with patience.

"Joe. My baby, you know? He is very sick. Here." Matthew pressed his own chest. "It was bad outside for him yesterday, without any blankets. Cold. It has made him very sick. You must not take him again, any more. Do you understand?"

Joe showed no feeling. It was possible that he did not understand cause and effect in relation to the child's illness. After a moment of silence, he produced his sacred lightning-struck twig, and began his wordless pantomime. As a doctor with ancient knowledge, he had but to see the child in order to invoke a cure.

Let me enter the house this instant, Joe demanded in his silent fashion. I *will bring down huge powers, and you may stop worrying.*

"No, Joe. Thank you, good friend. Thank you, but no. My woman will never let you do that."

Woman won't? inquired Joe in dismay, unable to understand why any

Auckland, New Zealand

My Dear Jean,
I must write at once to thank you for those first-rate photographs of the family. They arrived today and we've spent hours looking at them. You all look well, and Uncle Toby's as fat as ever. Is that a copy of John Bull he's holding in the picture on the lawn? Before we left England, he promised to send it on to us every week, but you know what he's like--always having to be reminded of everything. Do you think you could suggest--very tactfully, of course--that we'd rather have a year's subscription to John Bull than anything else for Christmas?
The pictures of Helen are really excellent. How she's grown! I expect she'll

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"Joe's getting serious. He's taking me to cheaper places"

woman should be consulted about such a matter. He pushed open the door before Matthew could stop him and, holding up his magic, came upon Laura, who was walking the baby. Seeing him, she turned white with fury.

"Get out of here, you horrid, dreadful . . ." and her words dried up, but she made such sounds and shook with such loathing that Joe scrambled backward out of the door. Then, with a most abused look, he turned to the young commander whom he worshipped and solemnly shook his head in reproof.

Matthew smiled warmly on him to claim him still as his friend and said: "Come along with me. I'm going to headquarters."

They walked in the cold wind up the row of quarters. Captain Gray's house was being made ready for a new officer and family to move in. As he passed the door, Matthew said: "If only he were still here." And then was sorry if Joe had heard what he said, for it seemed hardly polite in the presence of one doctor to sigh for another.

At the porch of headquarters, Matt said: "I'll see you over at the corral later on," and went indoors.

The baby's illness became an event shared by all. The women from Soapsuds Row clustered about the door of Quarters D in their shawls, proving sympathy by suffering the bitter, dry cold. Jessica Prescott was indoors with Laura.

The work of the garrison went on through the day, but the major's orderly ran every half hour to fetch the latest bulletins. These were progressively disturbing.

As the day passed, the child seemed to be more ill. He went into a deathly calm towards sundown, scarcely breathing.

Jessica watched Laura with increasing pride in her. The young wife seemed to grow stronger the more drawn with fear she became. Late in the day she asked Mrs. Prescott: "Do you think he may die?"

"Yes," said Jessica, "I do. I also think he may live, my dear."

Laura pressed her hands on her mouth, and her eyes filled with tears, and then she said: "If there is a chance of the other, and if it is near, then I must do this."

Helped by Jessica, she took a little dish of water and christened her child.

As night fell on doubt and anguish, Matthew had an official task to do that he would rather not have done. At headquarters he said to the commanding officer: "I'm sorry, sir, but Joe Dummy seems to be gone. I've looked for him all day, but when dusk came, and he wasn't around, I felt I'd better tell you. There's a horse missing, too."

"Didn't I order you directly——" began the major in fury, and then, remembering what everyone was feeling in common throughout the fort, he took a deep breath and resumed quietly: "Have you any explanation as to why he may have disappeared?"

"I'm afraid so, sir. . . ." Matt described the morning's encounter between Joe and Laura.

"What did you do to mollify Joe?"

"Sir, I said I'd work with him at the corral later. He loves to work the horses with me on the different gaits."

"That all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I suppose nobody could have done anything. Once they get their feelings hurt!" He screwed up his face at Matt in wryly comic expression. "You tell *me* which is worse to handle —wimmin or Injuns!" He sighed and came back to seriousness. "We've lost a great scout, Matt."

"Yes, sir," said Matthew stiffly, feeling responsible both for his own and for Laura's part in what might become a military calamity.

"Oh, thunderation!" said Hiram Hyde at the complexity of human affairs. "Let's go and see how my baby is."

That night, the major kept his own counsel, but he knew that early the next day someone would have to go out after Joe Dummy, recover a stolen horse, and bring back as a prisoner an old comrade in arms. He decided upon a stern mercy. If Prescott Hazard died during the night, it would be his father who would be assigned the duty of capturing the renegade tomorrow.

In the lamplight turned low they all sat still against the brushed adobe walls. The infant's breath that now and then came in small, fluttering flights was all they heard other than the wind. Yet at about four o'clock, Major Prescott lifted his head suddenly, thinking that he heard a call on the wind. He strained his ears. The call again. It was a sentry's challenge.

Glancing at Matthew, he went to the door. The moon was gone, but there were stars overhead. A horseman spurred across the parade.

"Is that you, Major?" called the rider, sliding to the ground and unbuckling a small saddlebag.

"Gray!" exclaimed Hiram Hyde. "How in thunderation did you——"

"That Indian scout of yours. He overtook our train about sundown, gave me your orders to return at all speed. How is the child?"

The major answered him by pushing him through the door with his bag of bottles, phials and powders. The captain called for more light, threw off his blouse, rolled up his sleeves and bent over the child in the big bed.

Laura fell on to her knees and put her forehead against the mattress and poured out her grateful heart in silence.

Shortly after reveille, everybody knew the wonderful story of Joe's ride, and all day they told it to one another in various ways. A feeling of heroism went through all the garrison, men and women alike. They told the desert, the enemy, to do all it could against them. What could ever hope to succeed in defeating such an outpost? Even the weather, for during the afternoon the wind rose to wild gusts and then gave way to rain.

But in the morning, when the trumpeter called them with his harsh music and they went out, it was to see a day so pure, a sky so fresh, a land so fragrant and tenderly touched with green from which all the dust had been washed away, that they had a feeling of being blessed and gave thanks that it had fallen to their lot to know spring in the desert.

Gray was to leave to overtake his train. Matthew asked Laura if she didn't think he ought to ride with the doctor, along with Joe, who was to be the guide.

"I certainly do think so, Matt, after what he has done for us."

She was sewing, and bit her thread in a busy contentment that made him smile with love. He loved her to be so pretty, so free of anguish, so certain that with her small affairs in order, all was right in the wide world elsewhere.

"What're you doing?" he asked, indicating her work-hummocks of calico and pins, and patterns cut from the Prescotts' old copies of the *New York Herald*.

"You'll see," she replied, "by the time you get back."

He forgot all about it, but six days

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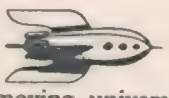

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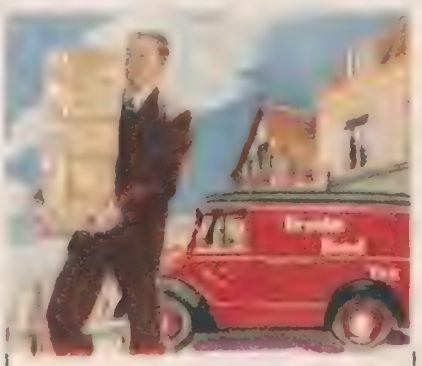

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later, when he returned near evening, she continued the conversation in perfect logic and instructed him to bring Joe Dummy to her.

"Joe? You want to see Joe?"

"Immediately. Don't let him refuse."

"I'm inclined to think, on the whole, Laura darling, that the less you do about Joe the——"

"Nonsense. Immediately."

It took Matthew half an hour to persuade Joe that he must go to Mrs. Hazard. Matthew could not endure to witness the meeting. He remained at the corral while Joe moved sidelong across the parade to Quarters D, alerted to flee at any moment.

At the door, Laura was waiting. "Hallo, Joe," she said over-loudly, as though Joe were deaf as well as alien.

The Indian did not answer, as he believed his presence was acknowledgement enough. He was afraid, for he had no recourse against the fury of a woman like this. With one of his own, if she dared to abuse him, it would be proper to hold her by the hair and beat her till she could shriek no more.

Laura said steadily, "Joe, please wait just there for a minute. I'll be right back. Don't you go now!" She disappeared into the house and then emerged, bringing a large basin of hot water with soap and a towel. "Now use this. Take off your shirt, and wash, *hard*. Go on, Joe. Right now. I'll be right back again."

She retired once more. He plucked at his dirt-velveted shirt as if considering what to do. She appeared again, holding something else. "Go on, take it off and scrub"—she pantomimed how with one hand and with the other held up a new shirt made of Mrs. Gray's calico—"because I made this for you, and I want you to put it on!"

It was a beautiful shirt, with long tails that could hang outside an Indian belt. The calico was of turkey red, and all over it grew lemon-yellow flowers with bright green leaves.

"You'll *see*, Joe," she said in accents that promised even more if he did as she asked. He slowly undressed to the waist and then wildly attacked the soap and water.

"Good!" she cried, as he dried himself with large, inaccurate swipes of the towel. "Now see how you'll look!"

LAURA handed him the new shirt. As he buttoned it with a look of restrained pride, she saw that his hands, while cleaner, were not what she called clean. But it was as much as she could hope for the first time.

"Now, don't we look fine?" she said, and added: "Now, what all this is for, Joe. You wait."

Turning to the house again, she saw Matthew approaching cautiously to determine at close range what the curious performance meant that he had watched across the parade. Joe also noticed his coming and, averse to being an object of curiosity, he started to make his way sidewise towards the corner of the house where he could disappear. But Laura was too quick for him. "Joe Dummy!" she called. "You come back here this instant!"

Her voice was clear and sweet. He turned. She came from the doorway with her baby in her arms. He walked back to her. This much Matthew saw clearly as he approached, but he could hardly believe what he saw next. Laura, leaning forward with the grace of all springtime, laid her baby in Joe's arms.

Joe stared with incredulous pleasure at the child he was given to hold. He looked up as Matt's shadow fell across him. Laura watched an unspoken exchange between the two men.

Joe Dummy then did an odd thing. After a long, earnest look into the baby's face, he ceremonially handed him to Matthew to hold, and then motioned to him to give the baby to Laura. It seemed a gesture larger than it was, giving life back to its source, from man to woman.

Laura held her child. Prescott Hazard, not quite three weeks old, lay with his face turned to the sky. He could see light, vast and pure. It was reflected slate-blue in his clear, unfocused eyes. THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

JACK was a carrier by occupation and advertised his willingness to "carry anything anywhere for anybody." One day, Anthony employed him to take a consignment of motor tyres to another town about a hundred miles away.

Jack collected the load and set off. Later in the day, as it was getting dark, he stopped at a café for a cup of tea, leaving the locked lorry in the car park.

In the ten minutes he was away, the lorry was stolen; when it was eventually found, the consignment of tyres had gone. It was never recovered, and Anthony sued Jack for its value—more than £250.

"I employed Jack to carry the tyres," Anthony told the court. "He was under an obligation to make sure that they arrived safely.

"By leaving his lorry, he enabled the thieves to carry out their raid. He must reimburse me for my loss."

"I agree that I would be liable for the loss of a customer's goods if I had been negligent," Jack said in his defence. "But I was not guilty of carelessness here. I left my lorry in a private park, locked it and was away for only ten minutes.

It is not my fault if the tyres were stolen—after all, a lorry driver must stop for his meals. I must disclaim responsibility for the loss."

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 49

MY LEFT FOOT

Continued from page 23

thinking of ourselves as outcasts and burdens on others, we slowly come to realize that there are people who understand, people who have actually dedicated their lives towards helping us, so that in the end something splendid is wrought out of our affliction.

Bernie, one of the children attending the clinic, is a great favourite of mine, as she is with everyone. She is an excellent example of what the clinic can do for even "hopeless" cases. She was only two years old when I first saw her. We came along to the clinic in the same ambulance every morning, and I remember what a pathetic little scrap she was then.

I used to watch her as she lay before me on the stretcher, but all I could see of her were her eyes, staring out of a tiny elfin face. She lay completely inert, like something that had neither warmth nor life, just a stiff, huddled-up thing that seemed cold and insensible to all around—except for the eyes, which alone showed that this was a human creature.

Slowly, bit by bit, she began to take interest in the things that were going on about her, as though she were gradually "thawing out." The stage was reached when she could be given exercises specially worked out for her.

Today, Bernie is one of the clinic's liveliest patients. Under the careful tuition of Miss Dorothy Henderson, the physiotherapist who looks after her, Bernie has evolved from being an inert bundle of clothes, motionless as a block of wood, into a vivacious, pretty little creature, now beginning to chatter and giggle.

Her greatest rival is Dorothy, and to watch them together, each trying to outdo the other at exercises, is much better than a pantomime.

Dorothy is a very important little person and very charming, too. She was one of the worst cases to arrive at the clinic. To begin with, she could barely manage to sit up at all. Her back sagged, her shoulders dropped and her head lolled from side to side like a daisy tossed by the wind.

Learning To Walk

By degrees she was taught to relax —the first and most important part of the treatment—on a blanket spread out on the floor, then to improve her sitting posture, and finally to stand a little with the barest minimum of support.

Next thing that had to be tackled was her walking, and for this she had to wear specially made wooden "skis" to give her good hand support, proper foot position, and to improve her stance generally. Now Dorothy is able to move about *properly* on her hands and knees and is beginning to take a few slow, hesitant steps on her own.

She is one of the most charming little creatures imaginable: she is also a potential physiotherapist. She has a very agile mind that takes everything in, and during her years at the clinic she has seen enough of physiotherapy to be quite eager to "show off" to the staff what she can do in that line herself.

There is nothing Dorothy likes better than to crawl over to where one of the smaller children lies, squat down beside it, and proceed to give it "its exercises"—including an odd slap or two if the poor kid's performance doesn't meet with her ladyship's approval.

Sometimes, she toddles across the room and tries to experiment on me as well. But I always exasperate her by remaining impassive and just grinning at her when she orders me to "bend your leg," "pull in your tummy" and "keep your seat down."

I myself have improved quite a lot within the last two years. Today, working under the expert instructions of Dr. Mary O'Donnell, who now supervises the clinic, I have reached the stage where I am now learning to walk in specially made skis, like those which little Dorothy uses, though on a much bigger scale, and to make more use of my hands.

Allows No Shirking

The clinic's oldest member, its "mater," is Mrs. Frances Prince. With her about I can do no shirking, as I sometimes feel like on a bad morning. She never fails to find lots of work for me, hand exercises such as moulding shapes out of sticks of modelling clay—the most unshapely shapes they are, too — manipulating dumb-bells from one hand to the other, and so on.

Speech has always been one of the biggest obstacles in my endeavour to make ordinary contact with people. It has been the one aspect of my handicap that has caused me the bitterest pain, for without speech one is practically lost. Writing is all very well, but I would rather have an hour's fierce argument with a pal or a few moments of soft chatter with a girl than write the greatest book on earth.

Now, however, I am beginning to speak more and grunt less. My old grunt is becoming a little more dignified, a little more articulate. This is due to the special treatment I have been receiving from the clinic's speech therapist, Dr. Patricia Sheehan.

The first lesson I learned was to breath properly and deeply. She told me that I had got into the habit of breathing anyhow, in jerks. That wouldn't do, she said. I would never speak properly unless I learned how to control my breathing.

The first breathing exercise she gave me was—blowing bubbles! One morning she brought in a little tin box filled with soapy water, took out from her pocket a tiny metal ring with a handle on it, dipped it into the water and then told me to blow away the water film that had formed inside the ring. I looked at her, thinking it was a joke. But I saw she was serious, so I took a breath, pursed up my lips and blew.

Puffed And Puffed

Immediately a perfect hail of brightly coloured bubbles began falling about me from all angles. One burst on my nose, another in my eye, and I could see that her hair was spangled with dozens of vapoury balls! I started to hum "I'm For Ever Blowing Bubbles."

Very soon it became tougher. Together with my friend John, another adult patient, I was taught to increase and deepen my breathing in rather a novel way. This consisted of blowing water through a tube from one bottle to another. The two bottles were air-tight, and a rubber tube ran from one into the other and both ends of this were connected to two tiny glass cylinders inserted in the corks. One of the bottles would be filled with coloured water and the plan was to blow the contents of the full bottle through the connecting tube into the empty one and gradually fill it.

It sounds simple, but I found it very hard indeed. Like the big bad wolf, I puffed and I puffed till I was red in the face, but only a miserable few drops of water trickled through into the empty bottle. John's turn came

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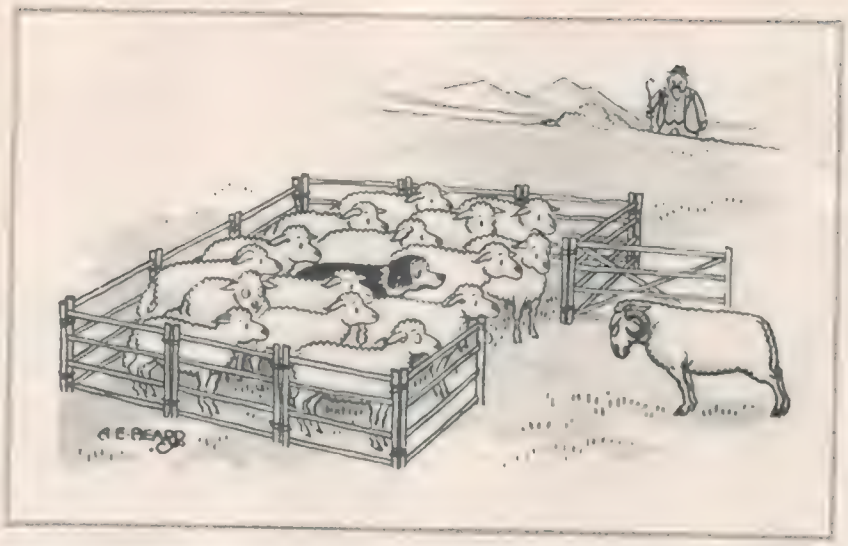

next and in a matter of seconds he had blown all the water from one bottle into the other, for John has a first-class pair of lungs. I was very disappointed with myself, but as time went on I became a little better at the water-blowing business, though I am still not a patch on him.

I found after some months that my speech had improved considerably. I took greater care to make certain I articulated each word slowly and distinctly and to say what I wanted to say calmly. Now I can speak quite well if only I take my time about it and do not get flustered when I cannot get out a word clearly.

Basically, the whole cause of my speech difficulty lies in my own attitude to it. Once I have conquered that queer hot feeling of panic, almost of shame, that brings the blood in a warm, swift rush to my cheeks whenever anyone strange tries to converse with me, I will have destroyed the root cause of my trouble.

Today I am speaking with greater self-confidence and less self-consciousness. I know that I can never lead a full, healthy social life unless I can speak so that others will understand me, and to achieve that end I must work hard and practise long. It will not be easy and I can never expect perfection or a job on the B,B.C., but the great progress I have made under Dr. Sheehan is an indication that if I try hard enough it's not impossible, and I shall certainly try.

Inclined To Be Lazy

The staff have great patience with me, for I am not a "model" patient. Miss Henderson says I am inclined to be lazy and that I don't put enough earnestness into my work. I'm afraid what she says is true. It is not, however, because I don't give my treatment the seriousness it deserves, for I know that my daily few hours at the clinic are the most important part of my whole day. I may be lazy, too, in some ways. But perhaps if anyone looked deep enough they might find that the old pen had a lot to do with it. . . .

I went on learning more and more about writing from Robert Collis as time went on. He taught me the technicalities without being technical; he was a good critic and did not let my situation soften his criticism. But he believed in me, believed I could become a writer, and that gave me the confidence I needed.

Soon I started to write the second version of my autobiography, still by dictation. My scribe now was Francis, my thirteen-year-old brother. He was quite different from Eamonn and Sean, who just wrote down what I said without thinking, like a pair of writing machines, for he thought about what he was writing. After we had finished for the day, or night as was often the case, he would sit down quietly and read over what he had written down for me, sometimes asking me many questions about the grammar, the construction, the meaning of words and so on, questions which I was hard put to to answer at times.

The second effort at writing the book came out much better than the first. The theme was more clear-cut, the construction more orderly and correlated and the thought behind it more mature. I hoped for a while that it might do, but still Dr. Collis shook his head. "Better than before," he said. "But not good enough yet. You're still too literary."

"Third Time Lucky"

It was true. I was still inclined to be pompous and unnecessarily dramatic. I was still very fond of rambling off and talking about things that had nothing to do with the book.

"Scrap it and start over again," he said. "This time you can make it, I know. Third time lucky." I pretended to smile, but actually I swore to myself as I contemplated the awful piles of useless manuscript. Would it never come right?

One December night two years ago, Dr. Collis came into my study and sat down on the seat opposite me. He said nothing for a while, but just sat warming his hands at the fire. Then he looked up. "Christy," he said. "I've been thinking about your future. You have talent for original work. The problem is how best to develop it. How far have you got in your education?"

My education! It was practically nil. The only education I ever had was learning the alphabet from Mother at the age of five. I had gone on from there the best way I could on my own, teaching myself to read books and to learn all I could from them.

"Not very far," I managed to say.

"I see," he said. "Education is invaluable, and in your case I think it is essential." He lapsed into silence again, his foot tapping on the tiled hearthstone. I waited.

"You couldn't attend a school or university in the ordinary way," he went on, "so the next best thing is to get a private tutor for you. Someone with a sound knowledge of human nature who would be intelligent enough to disregard your unusual physical movements and lack of speech. I'm going to ask the Marrowbone Lane Fund to put up the money."

And so I came to meet Mr. Guthrie. He was a short, stocky, fresh-complexioned man of about middle age, with keen blue eyes and a humorous mouth. His whole face seemed lit with a keen intelligence and a keener sympathy. I took an instant liking to him.

"Hallo, Christy," he said in a deep, resonant voice, coming forward and shaking hands with me. "I'm delighted to meet you. I hope we'll be partners from now on."

And that was the way of it. The relationship that grew between us was friendly, practical and unassuming. He made me feel as if we were partners in a big and difficult job. He led me forward.

He came twice a week, usually on Monday and Wednesday evenings, each session lasting for about two hours or more. When the official "programme" was over he would stay on for a while and we'd discuss many things, like the philosophy of Bertrand Russell, the poetry of Yeats, or what psychoanalysis was, so that, apart from the lessons, I learned a great deal. And, of course, those talks greatly helped me to speak clearly and confidently.

When I was first introduced to mathematics, I couldn't write down the figures myself, so I had to recall Sean to service, as Francis had more than enough work to do on the next version of the book. Besides, Sean was pretty good at maths in school—almost too good, for soon I found myself letting him do all the "dirty work," while I just corrected the answers!

Then came Latin, which I took to at once. I fell in love with the elegance and beauty of the language, its delicate shades and tones of meaning.

A Farewell Speech

My reading also became more comprehensive. Before Sheila had left for America to be married two years before, she gave me a very beautiful volume of the complete works of Shakespeare, which is now my dearest possession. I remember how, on the morning she left the clinic for good, she got me to recite for her Hamlet's heart-breaking speech, "To be or not to be." As I spoke, all the children were shouting and laughing around us. She sat before me, the engagement ring sparkling on her finger in a shaft of sunlight.

But there were times when reading wasn't enough. I was just twenty years old. I wanted other company besides books. I wanted to know the joy of climbing a mountain on an early spring morning or of strolling home in the moonlight along rain-washed city streets with a beautiful girl by my side.

I remember one evening when I felt particularly isolated and jealous of Peter and Paddy, who had gone out with their pals. For a time I sat morosely doing nothing. Francis came in for dictation. He sat down, took out his pen and waited. I knew I had something to say, but it wouldn't come. I thought and thought, but it was no use; the words were all wrong and twisted. I looked down at my hands, useless as ever. Then suddenly I remembered my left foot.

"Get to hell out of here, Francis," I shouted.

Poor Francis looked at me as if he was going to cry.

"Go on," I said. "Out——"

He got up and, looking at me over his shoulder like a frightened rabbit, slipped out of the room. Then I flung myself on to my bed, tore off my left shoe, ripped away my left sock with the other foot, seized a pencil between my first and second left toes and began to write.

He Felt Free Again

I wrote and wrote without pause. I felt a different person. I wasn't unhappy any more. I didn't feel frustrated or shut up. I was free, I could think, I could live, I could create. . . . Suddenly the door opened and the doctor came in. I stopped, tucked my left foot under me and tried to grin.

"So you had to call out the old left foot again," he said. "I wondered how long you could stick it. Dictation is not quite enough, is it? Well, I understand. But don't use it except when you must."

I felt released, at peace. I could be myself sometimes, anyway. And if I couldn't know the joy of dancing, I could know the ecstasy of creating.

The Burl Ives Concert in Dublin will always remain one of the most exciting days of my life. It all came about in an unusual way. Among Dr. Collis's family is a small Hungarian-Slovak whom the doctor adopted in Belsen. He

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 47, the judge said that Jack was a "common carrier," because he carried for a living and did so for the public at large. A common carrier is liable for the loss of a customer's goods while he has them in transit, even if they are stolen through no fault of his. Despite his lack of negligence, Jack lost the case.

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By ELIZABETH CRAIG

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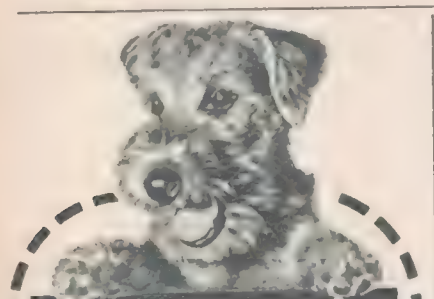

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is a dark-haired, dark-skinned boy with dancing eyes. He was very ill when the doctor found him, and recently the old place in his lung got bad again and he had to have a big operation in the Chest Hospital in London.

Burl Ives had met him in Dublin before and taken a great liking to him. So now he used to visit him quite often in the Chest Hospital where he would sing folk-songs for the boy and the other men in the ward.

One afternoon Dr. Collis came into the ward and found a regular concert in full swing. Burl Ives had everybody laughing. Suddenly, Dr. Collis got an idea and asked him if he would give a concert in Dublin in aid of cerebral palsy. Burl Ives agreed immediately.

Better Than Talking

On returning to Dublin the doctor told me what had happened. "The idea is," he said, "that Burl Ives will sing and I shall make an appeal for cerebral palsy. But I think it would be much more to the point if you did."

"Me," I said. "How. . .?"

"With your foot," he said.

"My foot?" I said.

He grinned. "You've finished your first chapter, about the letter A and your mother," he said. "If I were to read them that, they'd know much more about cerebral palsy from the inside than if I was to talk to them for an hour. But you must be there with me so that they'll know it's your work, not mine."

I thought a moment. I had visions of sitting before a large audience and seeing hundreds of faces looking up at me, unknown faces, questioning faces with peering eyes, noting my queer movements, my twisting hands and crooked mouth. I hesitated.

Dr. Collis read my thoughts. "You can take it," he said.

"O.K.," I said. But I felt scared.

Arrangements went ahead at great speed. The concert was to be sponsored by the Ireland-America Society and many distinguished people were invited. The Aberdeen Hall in Gresham Hotel, a huge room seating more than five hundred people, was taken, tickets were issued, notices were put in the press. The whole city knew about it, but in no quarter more than in our house.

Mother's Fur Coat

The day arrived. All the morning our house looked like a public bar on Saturday night with everyone bumping into one another and all talking at the same time. Mother got a loan of a fur coat from a friend and tried it on. "What do I look like?" she asked.

There was a hush in the conversation as we turned round to view our model. Nobody spoke. At last Peter said casually, his eyes intent on a newspaper: "I see a bear escaped from the zoo last night. . . ."

They then started to dress me in a dinner jacket which they had hired without telling me anything about it. In spite of my protests I was squeezed into it grimly by Peter and Tony. "Have to look proper," they said.

The taxi arrived punctually and we set out like a royal family in a carriage and pair. Only half a dozen of us could be crammed into it, so the others went by bus: brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, nephews, nieces—about a dozen and a half or so, not to mention a whole retinue of friends and other relatives who followed after. It was like a regiment on the march when they all set off down the street together, linking arms.

At last we reached the hotel. I was carried on to the stage and put sitting in a chair beside Mother, Father, Peggy, Tony and his wife, Sheila. From the other side of the lowered curtain I could hear the people talking and shuffling. I felt awful.

Then I caught sight of a remarkable figure standing at the side of the stage. He must have stood over six feet high and weighed over twenty stone. He had a smiling moonlike face, small eyes and a pointed beard; and he carried a guitar across one shoulder. He seemed to me fantastic, like a giant out of a fairy story. This was Burl Ives.

The next moment the curtain went up and the show was on. I gripped the sides of the chair and tried to hold myself rigid. All I could see was a huge white blur of faces staring up at me. I felt myself go hot and cold in turn. It seemed as if I was alone on the stage with a fierce, bright light beating down on me, as if I was under the lens of a microscope so that not one movement I made could escape detection. I felt I was being watched by a thousand eyes, and the old panic began to rise within me.

Forgot Stage Fright

Then Burl Ives began to sing. He had a wonderful, soft, mellow voice with a humorous twist in it and his style of singing was artful and droll. I just shut my eyes and listened to his singing and half forgot my stage fright. Soon I was laughing like everyone else as he sang "The Blue-tailed Fly," "Mr. Frog Went A-Courting," "The House Where Grandmother Dwells."

I'd laughed so much that I'd quite forgotten everything else. Then suddenly he stopped and walked off stage, and after several encores he finally withdrew. Next, the president of the Ireland-America Society announced that Dr. Collis would address the audience on behalf of the Cerebral Palsy Association.

The doctor went to the microphone. The crowd was still in a jovial mood, laughing and talking. It wasn't going to be easy to interest it. He took my manuscript from his pocket and placed it on the stand in front of him.

"I'm not going to make a speech," he said. "I'm not even going to make an appeal. I'm just going to read you something that will give you an inside view of a person crippled with cerebral palsy. The first chapter of Christy Brown's autobiography here—" he held out his hand towards me—"written with his left foot."

Then he began to read. For the first few minutes there was still a good deal of noise in the audience, people

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shuffling their feet and coughing. I saw one man reading a newspaper. Obviously he had come to enjoy a concert, not to be made to listen to a lecture on cripples.

Gradually, however, as the doctor read on, movement and noise ceased, there was silence, complete stillness. I looked down at the faces before me, but now they were no longer just questioning with peering eyes, but intent, friendly faces full of interest, no longer seeming to look at me, but fixed on the doctor as he went on reading. They were listening. . . !

After a while I, too, began to listen, and as I did my tension left me. I forgot my queer hands twisting and twining in my lap. I forgot my crooked mouth and shaking head . . . was this true, me sitting on a stage with Mother and Father before a huge audience, listening to a description of my own childhood? It seemed as if I was dreaming.

I listened. . . . I remembered the day, that December day, when I had first drawn the letter "A" with a bit of yellow chalk in my left foot, with mother kneeling beside me on the wooden kitchen floor, urging me not to give in. . . . I remembered my brothers, the day Tony stripped me behind a bush, put Jim's enormous togs on me, and swung me into the canal, while poor Jim stood by and cried, "He'll drown . . . I tell yer."

I remembered the awful day when I found out about myself, the horror I felt knowing I would be a cripple all my life. . . . I remembered Lourdes and the candles flickering before the Grotto . . . and Sheila coming into the clinic on December mornings, her fair hair scattered by the wind. . . .

Someone Was Crying

Suddenly I became aware that the doctor had stopped speaking. There was complete silence in the big hall. I saw somebody in the front row crying. I looked aside at Mother, sitting upright, her eyes glistening. I looked at Father, he was twisting his hat in his hands, and he looked at me in a new way. Still there wasn't a sound.

Now Dr. Collis walked across the stage, laid his hand on my shoulder and helped me to my feet. Then the cheering broke out. . . . It went on and on and seemed to cover us like waves of the sea.

Then somebody from the audience brought forward a huge bouquet of roses. The doctor stooped and took them. He walked over to where Mother was standing. He held up his hand. The cheering stopped.

"I think you will agree," he said to the audience, "that there is only one thing to be done—red roses for Mrs. Brown! For you, ma'am," he said, handing the bouquet to Mother with a bow. The cheering started again. I could see a group of my brothers away at the back of the hall—Jim, Francis, Paddy, Peter and Sean—cheering and yelling like hell.

Like A Queen Mother

Mother took the bouquet, looking like a queen mother, as if she was quite used to roses every day of her life. I thought her face was rather red, but I didn't know if it was the roses or the fur coat. Standing beside her was Father, his shoulders drooping and his bald head bent forward.

As Mother laid the flowers across her arm, I heard her say in a loud whisper out of the corner of her mouth: "Straighten up, Paddy, can't yer!" Father stiffened, but dropped his hat. Peggy picked it up.

Then Burl Ives came on again. He began to sing our own Irish folk songs. "She Moved Through The Fair," a version of his own of "The Spanish Lady." Now I could relax and enjoy it completely. I was at peace, happy.

I lay back in my chair while my old left foot beat time to the rhythm of the tune. THE END

* * *

The following postscript to Christy Brown's story has been written by Dr. Robert Collis:

"Christy Brown has come on greatly during the last few years. He has learned to sit straight, to stand, to walk with great difficulty across the room and to speak so that the ordinary person can understand him, though he still has to struggle to form many words normally.

"He is still greatly handicapped as his hands are almost useless, so that he cannot feed himself or dress himself without help. Indeed I am somewhat concerned as to how he is to continue 'to write' as the supply of young bricklayer's apprentices to act as secretaries cannot last much longer. He is improving all the time, however, and I have hopes that the publication of this work may enable him to obtain an electric typewriter which he could manipulate with one of his hands.

"Christy's fight is not yet over. But the impression one has of him today is of a man who has mastered himself through hard discipline. With his spirit, he will probably one day master his affliction."

"My Left Foot," by Christy Brown, is published as a book by Secker and Warburg at 9s. 6d.

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THE BATTLE THAT ENDED THE BATTLESHIPS

Continued from page 25

the Christmas of 1941. From that time on, the American and British navies concentrated their efforts on the development of carriers for aircraft. In 1942 the U.S. Navy had only three carriers in service, but a year later the number had risen to fifty, and to over a hundred before the end of the war.

The Japanese admirals were slower to apply the lesson of their great successes. Although the maintenance of the far-spread Japanese conquests, as well as the preservation of Japan herself, depended on maintaining command of the sea, far too little was done to develop her aircraft carrier force. The pride and confidence of her admirals was unduly heightened by the completion of two colossal battleships, much the biggest in the world, the Yamato and Musashi. These had a combined displacement of over 70,000 tons and mounted nine eighteen-inch guns—they were the only warships in the world to be armed with guns of that size.

The tide of the war in the Pacific was turned by the battles of the Coral Sea and of Midway, in May and June, 1942. They were the first two naval battles in history where the ships never sighted each other nor fired a shot, for they were waged by long-range air action over the sea.

Although the tide had turned, a long time passed before the turn became very marked. But from the autumn of 1943 onward, America's mounting forces moved westward at an increasing pace. It was a converging advance on Japan along two channels, each with a chain of island stepping-stones. General MacArthur's combined land, sea and air forces—which included six Australian divisions—advanced north-west from Australia by way of the Solomon Islands and New Guinea, while Admiral Nimitz's combined forces advanced west from the Hawaiian Islands, to the Gilbert Islands, Marshall Islands and Mariana Islands in turn.

Carriers Were Sunk

In June, 1944, Nimitz's latest jump landed on Saipan in the Marianas. The threatened seizure of that strategic key-point impelled the Japanese battle fleet, long held in reserve, to make a relieving sortie. On approaching the Marianas, it launched its carrier-planes against the intruder, and a tremendous air battle was fought over the islands. In this the Japanese lost 385 planes—nearly three-quarters of their force. Following up this defensive success, which had been gained at very small cost, the American naval planes attacked the Japanese fleet just before it retired out of reach, and knocked out three of its nine aircraft carriers. Far worse for the Japanese was the loss of so many highly trained pilots—for these could not be replaced.

Accelerating their planned strategy by two months, the Americans made their next big bound, to the Philippines, in October. These islands stretch a thousand miles—from Mindanao in the south, as big as Ireland, to Luzon in the north, nearly as big as England. The first thrust was delivered against Leyte, one of the smaller central islands, thus splitting the defence. MacArthur's troops were landed there on October 20 by Admiral Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet—a convoy and support fleet composed of old battleships and small escort carriers. It was backed and covered by Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet—which took up its station in three groups, a little to the east of the Philippines. This was the main battle fleet, composed of the newer battleships and of large carriers, all fast vessels.

Message Revealed Plan

Anticipating such a thrust to the Philippines, the Japanese Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Toyoda, had planned a smashing counterstroke to be launched with all available naval forces when and where the thrust came. Two days before the landing on Leyte Island, an uncoded message sent out from one of the American ships provided the Japanese with the vital information that they required as a guide for their counterstroke.

Toyoda's plan was to lure away Halsey's battle fleet by a threat from the north, then to crush Kinkaid's support fleet, and thus leave MacArthur's army stranded.

The decoy was to be provided by Admiral Ozawa's force, coming south from Japan. It included four of the aircraft carriers that still remained serviceable, but it could not act as much more than a decoy since its total aircraft numbered barely a hundred, and most of the pilots lacked experience.

So, in this great gamble for victory, the Japanese relied on an old-fashioned fleet of seven battleships and thirteen cruisers which came up from the Singapore area. The commander, Admiral Kurita, sent a detachment to push into Leyte Gulf from the south-west via the Surigao Strait, while he came in with the main force from the north-west, through the San Bernardino Strait. He hoped to crush MacArthur's transports and their escorting warships between his fleet's two jaws.

But the decoy did not work. That was due to a series of unlucky accidents. On the night of October 23, Kurita's force was seen by two American submarines, the Darter and the Dace, which had been cruising off the coast of Borneo. These promptly hurried north, keeping ahead of the Japanese fleet by running at full speed on the surface, under cover of dark. When first light came, they submerged to periscope depth, awaited the oncoming fleet, and then fired their torpedoes at close range. They sank two of the Japanese cruisers and crippled another.

Planes Missed Decoy

When Ozawa heard of Kurita's clash with the submarines, he made haste to reveal his own approach from the north, repeatedly sending out uncoded signals to catch Halsey's attention. But his signals were not picked up by the Americans. Nor was he spotted by any of their reconnaissance planes, as all of them were sent west to watch for Kurita's approach. Soon Halsey's carriers launched their bombers and torpedo-bombers in waves against Kurita's fleet.

The Goliath-like Musashi capsized and sank after the fifth attack, in the afternoon, after a total of fifteen hits by torpedoes and sixteen hits by bombs had been scored on her. The American pilots reported that three other battleships and three heavy cruisers had been badly hit, and one light cruiser and one destroyer sunk. After the fifth onslaught and the sinking of the Musashi, the Japanese fleet turned about and steamed away to the west.

On getting these reports from his air observers, it appeared to Halsey that Kurita was definitely in retreat. But the fact that no aircraft carriers had been seen in Kurita's fleet had led Halsey to send out reconnaissance planes on a wider search for them. At about 5 p.m. Ozawa's force was spotted on its way south. Thereupon Halsey decided to dash north and smash it at dawn, following his motto: "Whatever we do, we do fast."

To make sure of annihilating Ozawa's force he took the entire Third Fleet, leaving nothing behind to guard San Bernardino Strait.

Fifteen minutes after he had announced his decision in a signal to Kinkaid, a report was received from a night reconnaissance plane that Kurita had turned round again and was steaming at high speed towards San Bernardino Strait. Halsey discounted the report. Now that he saw the opportunity of playing the kind of bold and dashing game he loved, he became blind to other possibilities. Early in the war he had been aptly nicknamed "The Bull."

Evaded Air Attacks

Kurita's retreat had been only a temporary expedient to get out of reach of air attack while daylight lasted, made with the intention of returning under the cloak of darkness. Apart from the sinking of the Musashi, none of his bigger ships had been seriously damaged—contrary to the optimistic reports of the American pilots.

At 11 p.m., when Halsey had gone 160 miles northward, Kurita's fleet was again spotted by reconnaissance planes—heading for San Bernardino Strait, and now only forty miles away. Halsey could no longer ignore its advance, but he discounted the seriousness of the threat, regarding the renewed advance as merely a sacrificial effort on traditional Japanese lines by a badly crippled fleet. He pushed on north, confidently assuming that Kinkaid's fleet would easily be able to beat off what he supposed to be a much weakened attacker.

So the Japanese bait, though it had not been taken at the intended time, was swallowed in the end.

The position of Kinkaid's fleet was

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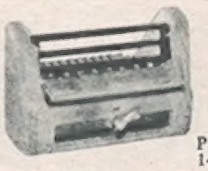

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OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*

the more dangerous because he was misled in a double way. The appearance of Kurita's southern detachment, heading for Surigao Strait, had focused Kinkaid's attention in that direction, and he concentrated most of his force there to meet this threat. He assumed that part of Halsey's fleet was still covering the more northerly approach through San Bernardino Strait, as it had not been made clear that Halsey had sailed away with the whole fleet. Worse still, Kinkaid did not take the precaution of sending out reconnaissance to see if any enemy was approaching from that direction.

The attack by the Japanese southern detachment was defeated after a tense night battle—thanks largely to the "night-sight" provided by the Americans' radar, which was much superior to that of the Japanese Navy. The detachment included two battleships, and both were sunk. Almost the whole of the attacking force was wiped out. When daylight came, the Strait was empty of the enemy.

But a few minutes after Kinkaid had signalled his congratulations on the victory, another signal came to say that a much larger Japanese force—Kurita's main fleet—had come down from the north-west, through San Bernardino Strait, and was off the east coast of Samar Island, assailing the smaller portion of Kinkaid's fleet that had been left there to cover General MacArthur's landing points on Leyte.

This small force, supporting the army's invasion of Leyte Island, comprised six escort-carriers—converted merchant ships—and a handful of destroyers. They fled south under a hail of heavy shells.

After getting this alarming news, Kinkaid sent a signal to Halsey, at 8.30 a.m.: "Urgently need fast battleships Leyte Gulf at once." At 9 a.m. Kinkaid made another pressing appeal, and this time openly by radio-telephony, instead of in code. But Halsey steamed on north, determined to fulfil his aim of destroying Ozawa's carrier force.

Broke Off The Pursuit

Meanwhile a brake was put on Kurita's south onrush by the gallant efforts of the handful of American destroyers that were covering the retreat of the six escort-carriers, as well as of such planes as these still had available. One escort-carrier and three destroyers were sunk, but the rest escaped, though battered.

Just after 9 a.m., Kurita broke off the chase and turned towards Leyte Gulf, where a mass of American transports and landing craft now lay open to attack. He was then less than thirty miles from the entrance.

Before striking, he paused to concentrate his ships which had become dispersed in the running fight. The turn and pause again created the mistaken idea on the American side that he was retiring—under pressure of their air and destroyer attacks. They were soon disillusioned, and Kinkaid sent another urgent call for Halsey's help.

This time, Halsey responded to the appeal. By now his planes had severely mauled Ozawa's force, and although he dearly wanted to finish it off with his battleships' guns, he curbed his desire and came racing back with his six fast battleships and one of his three carrier groups. But he had gone so far north in pursuit of Ozawa that he could not possibly reach Leyte Gulf until the next morning. So the situation at Leyte looked very grim at midday, as Kurita's fleet bore in towards the Gulf.

Admiral Made Mistake

But suddenly Kurita turned back north—and this time for good. The cause of this move was a combination of intercepted messages and their effect on his mind. The first was a broadcast call telling the planes of the American escort-carriers to land on Leyte Island. He imagined that this was preparatory to a land-based and more concentrated attack on his ships, whereas it was merely an emergency measure to save the planes from going down with the carriers.

A few minutes later he received an intercept report of Kinkaid's 9 a.m. radio-telephone call to Halsey. From this he jumped to the mistaken conclusion that Halsey must have been racing south for more than three hours, for Kurita was out of touch with Ozawa and did not know how far north Halsey had gone.

The crowning effect came from a confused intercept which gave him the impression that part of the American relieving force was only seventy miles north of him and already close to his line of retreat through the San Bernardino Strait.

When Kurita reached San Bernardino Strait, he found no enemy there, and slipped through it to the west.

But the escape of these Japanese battleships—which had achieved so little—was amply compensated for by the sinking of all the four Japanese aircraft carriers soon after Halsey started on his southward dash, by the part of his fleet he had left to continue the pursuit of Ozawa's force.

Without any aircraft carriers, the Japanese battleships were helpless, and they played no further part in the war. Moreover, the Japanese Navy was rendered useless. While, superficially, Halsey's northward dash had exposed the rest of the forces to grave dangers, the outcome provided justification for it. For it showed the hollowness of the battleship bogy, and exposed the folly of the faith placed in such out-of-date monsters.

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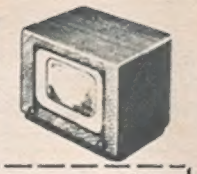

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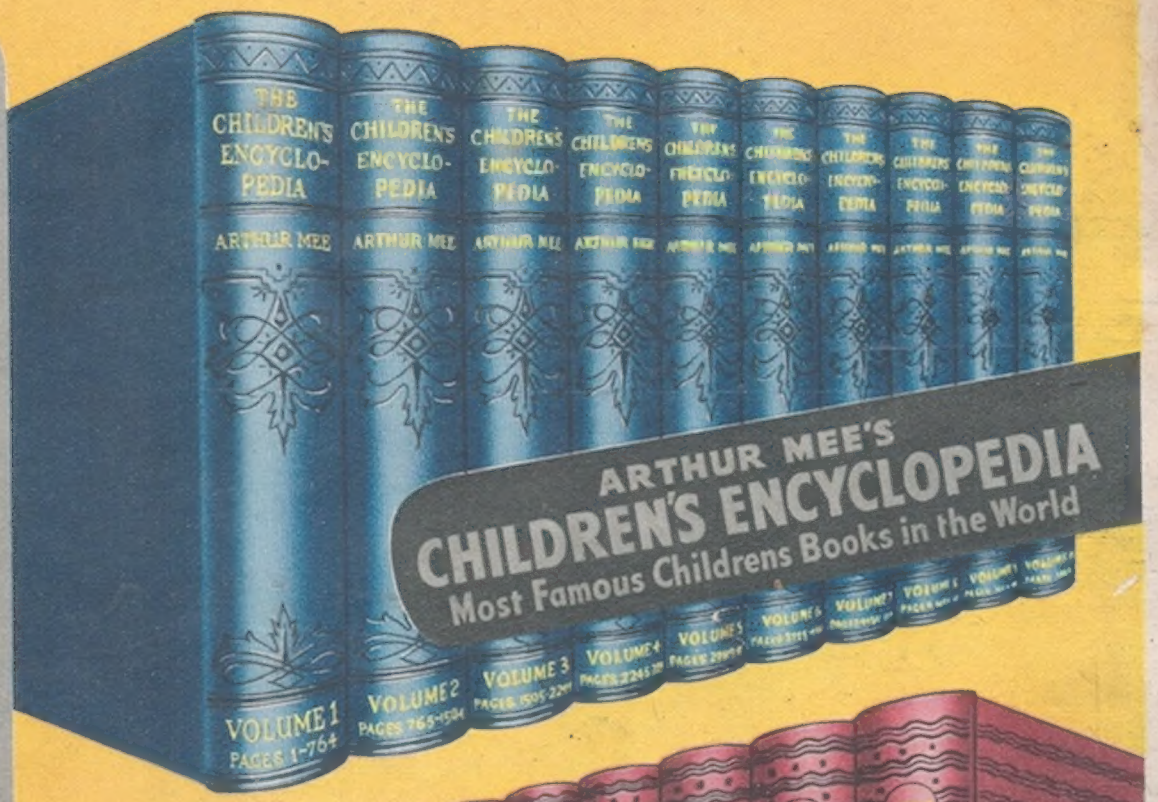

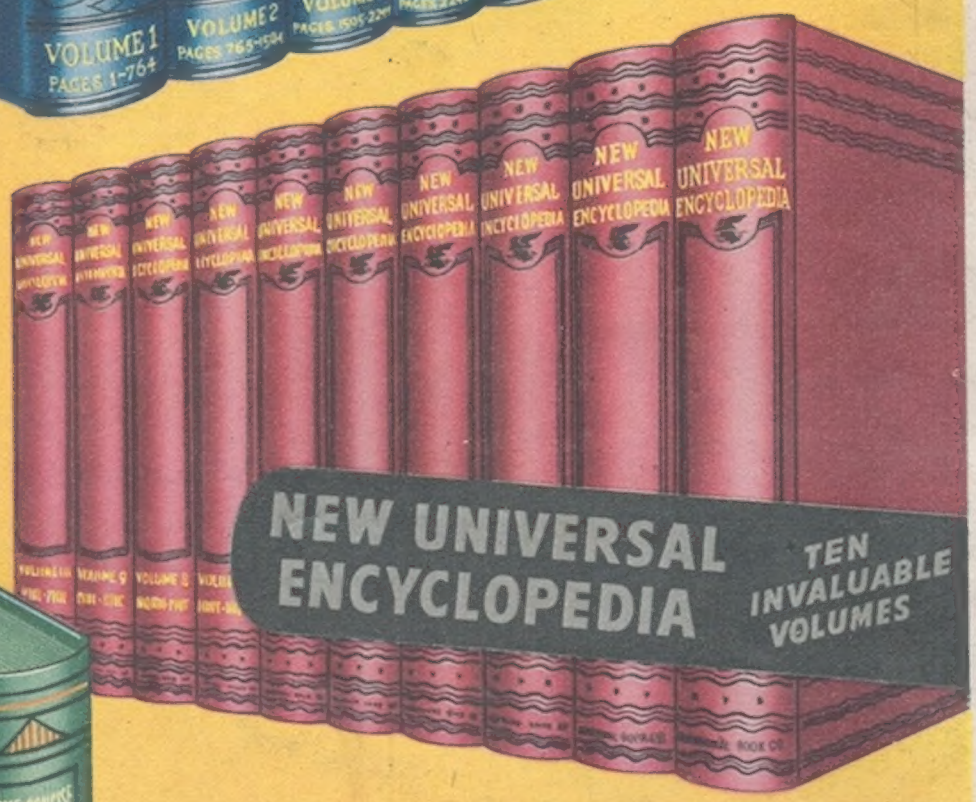

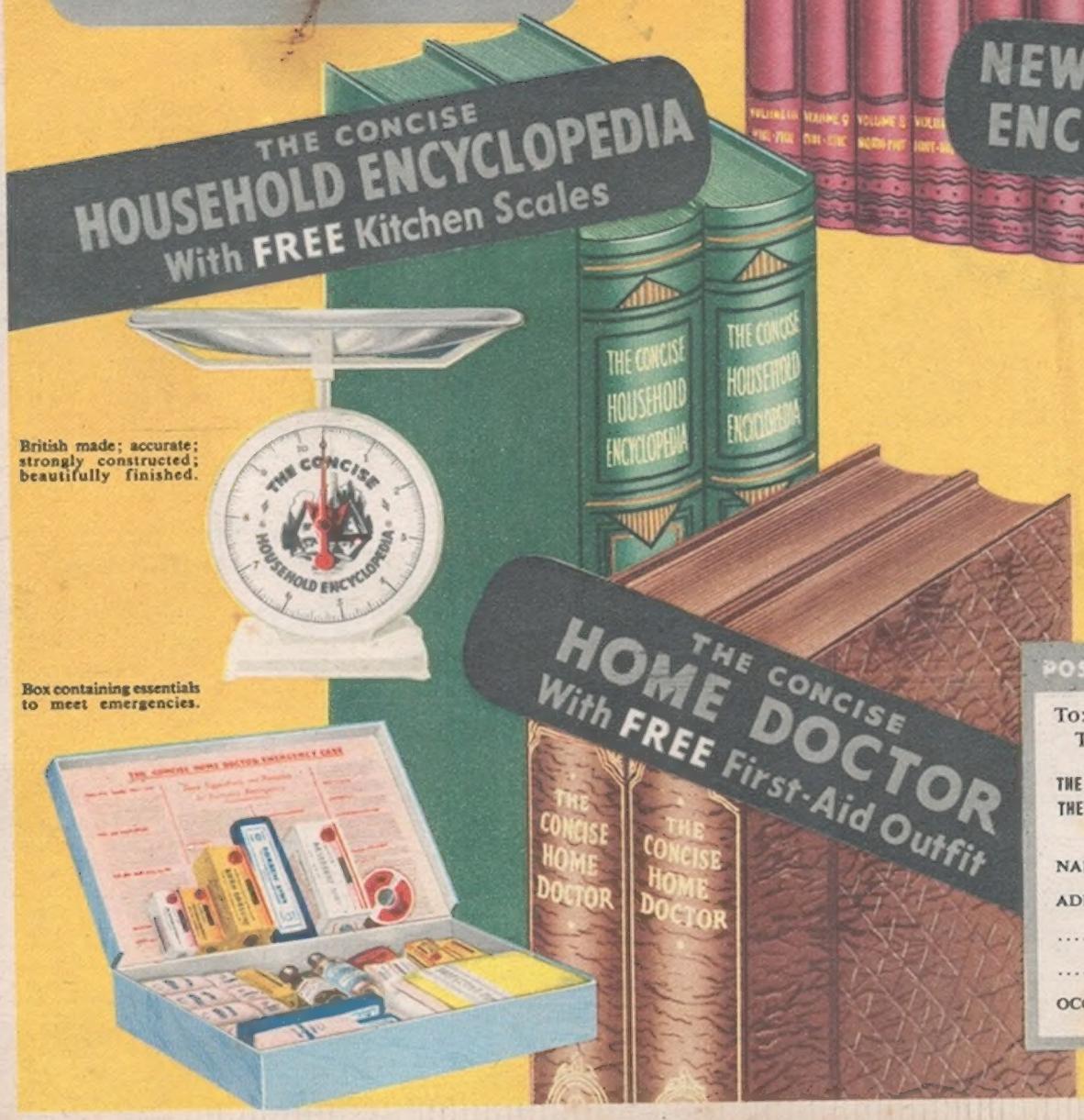
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